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LYING IN THE PRESENCE of seven United States Senators is a personal privilege, but lying in the presence of eight United States Senators is a crime. That is the ridiculous conclusion to be reached from the acquittal of Robert W. Stewart, chairman of the Board of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, who was tried for perjury after contradictory testimony before the Senate Oil Investigating Committee concerning his receipt of stock of the notorious Continental Trading Company. Justice Bailey of the District of Columbia Supreme Court, who presided at the Stewart trial, instructed the members of the jury to acquit the defendant if they decided that less than a quorum—eight Senators—had heard Stewart make his alleged misstatements. So Stewart goes free on a legal technicality which

is not only flimsy but in contradiction to legislative practice and the whole intent of our perjury laws. Probably nine-tenths of the legislative committee work at Washington in recent years has been accomplished by committees with "telephone quorums" consisting of a small minority of Senators actually present and the remainder of members in the vicinity somewhere ready to come in an emergency after telephoning their assent to proceeding in their absence. Senator Norris well says that such decisions as that of Justice Bailey "have made our jurisprudence the laughing-stock of the world." Incidentally we recall the fact that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., announced several months ago that he was going to dislodge Colonel Stewart from his position as executive head of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, but the colonel is still on the job. How about it, Mr. Rockefeller? Have you forgotten your high moral resolve to cleanse the oil industry?

WINTER IS COMING ON, slowly but inevitably. And evidently nothing that man is likely to do can prevent, as an unavoidable concomitant of winter, the Mississippi from rising and overflowing its banks. It does not matter that dwellers along the river have not yet recovered from last year's disastrous floods, houses have not been rebuilt, crops have not been harvested, the burden of suffering and hunger and debt is still heavy on the inhabitants of those counties along the great river's banks. The river is rising none the less. The river with its tributaries always rises, and it nearly always overflows. From Missouri, from Kansas, from Illinois, even from Kentucky come the familiar stories of high water, threatened or accomplished inundation of rich farm lands, a score or so of persons drowned by the rushing waters. And meanwhile the President has not thought it necessary to call Congress to consider the question of flood relief, nor would such action result probably in any but the old platitudes and an insufficient appropriation for temporary assistance. We have no adequate policy for dealing with flood waters. With characteristic American extravagance we had rather spend money every year for relief to flood victims than devise a method of controlling the turbulent waters so that they would not again overflow. Our policy has been to build, in the most haphazard and desultory way, a sort of concrete wall to bind the Mississippi into its bed. Competent engineers think that such a system will never be successful; the river will always rise above its walls. Proposals to make artificial run-offs to carry the surplus water do not find favor with Congress. But no attempt has ever been made to consider the problem as a whole, to make provision for the future. And meanwhile, the waters rise.

FACTS ARE SLOWLY EMERGING from the welter of accusation and cross-accusation that accompanied the sinking of the Vestris. As the official investigation proceeds, as the first hectic questioning of witnesses gives place to a more reasoned examination by men familiar with the ways of the sea, the tragedy takes shape more clearly before our eyes. Blazing headlines that hinted a reluctance to permit the sending of an S O S on the part of the Lamport and Holt

officials were wrong; suggestions that radio messages were suppressed were wrong; statements from understandably hysterical passengers that the crew was almost to a man a set of miserable poltroons were wrong. Yet a few unhappy facts remain, and they all point to an unexplicable hesitation and incompetence on the part of the commander of the ship. Why did not Captain Carey send out his S O S twelve hours sooner, when his ship was evidently in the gravest danger? Why were lifeboats launched from the port side of the ship when the starboard side was almost in the water and would have presented a much less difficult feat of launching? Why was not the crew, under the captain's firm direction, ordered to man the boats properly, with a suitable number of officers and men in each, instead of embarking in the most haphazard fashion imaginable, sometimes with only four men in a boat designed for forty? Why were two boatloads of women and children left dangling in mid air until the ship turned over and dragged them into the sea? These questions will never be answered. They can be entered in the column under Human Error, Human Weakness, Human Unpredictability. Captain Carey had for forty years been a capable and sensible seaman. In a dreadful emergency his competence and his sense deserted him. This is the most melancholy fact in the whole sad business; for what precautions can safeguard people from such a possibility?

THE NOTION of a State and federal construction reserve fund to be used in time of unemployment is not particularly new, but it gained fresh authority when Governor Brewster of Maine presented it to the New Orleans conference of Governors with the indorsement of Herbert Hoover. Economists, labor leaders, and Socialists have been urging such a reserve fund for many years, and they have been supported by such official pronouncements as that of the President's Unemployment Conference of 1921. Governor Brewster's suggestion would lead to a reserve fund totaling about twice the amount spent each year for public construction. This would be approximately \$3,000,000,000 for State and federal governments, since the amount now spent on public construction by such bodies is \$1,500,000,000. The difficulties of persuading forty-eight State legislatures and forty-eight Governors to increase taxation in order to create such an emergency fund are enormous, but the educational value of the suggestion is obvious. Even if the State and federal governments do not create a reserve fund for construction work in advance of the emergency, they may be persuaded to undertake this work through bond issues after a crisis has arrived. Moreover, the presence of unemployment reserve funds in the federal treasury and in a few State treasuries would be a valuable factor in preserving that business confidence which is the best preventive of unemployment.

WE SAID LAST WEEK, on the authority of the Associated Press, that New Zealand had voted to license liquor in place of prohibition. The Associated Press has since issued a correction saying that at the recent election New Zealand voted to continue the licensing system already in effect. Astonishing and disquieting figures have been issued from Washington on the expense of pretending to administer the Volstead Act: \$225,000,000 is the total; \$25,000,000 is the prevailing annual toll. The yearly cost of maintenance of the Department of State is \$16,000,000;

of the Department of Commerce, \$30,000,000; of the Department of Justice, \$24,000,000. And the cost of prohibition is mounting so steadily and so fast that government officials refuse to predict what it will be in ten years. Only by the most wilfully and fatuously blind can it longer be denied that prohibition as now administered—the "noble experiment" of Mr. Hoover—is not a success. Nor does this mean necessarily that the Eighteenth Amendment should be repealed. But it does mean that a large proportion of the people of the United States openly and with impunity disregard one of the laws of the land, that thousands of American citizens make their living by breaking that law, and that millions are annually poured into the leaky sieve of enforcement without avail. Prohibition in nine years has passed the experimental stage; it must stand up to be judged, and whatever the remedy—whether repeal, modification, or real enforcement—only its blindest partisans can fail to see that the subject should be submitted to a referendum of the American people.

ALLIED STUPIDITY in the Rhineland goes on apace and will continue to do so as long as the occupation continues. George Glasgow, who writes on foreign affairs in the English *Contemporary Review*, is our authority on recent incidents. The Inter-Allied Rhineland High Commission drew the attention of the German Government to the fact that the Graf Zeppelin had flown over occupied territory without having obtained permission to do so; whereupon the German authorities in Coblenz explained with an expression of regret that the commander of the Zeppelin had taken the airship over occupied territory as a result of an "error of navigation"! Mr. Glasgow also relates that the Burgomaster of Königstein had a bandmaster play the German national anthem without asking leave to do so, and was sentenced by the British Summary Court at Wiesbaden to pay a fine of 100 marks or go to prison for two weeks. These incidents would seem humorous if they were not so tragic. When will the Allies learn that the shedding of blood may not be confined to the victim when the pound of flesh is collected?

MOVED BY SUGGESTIONS from Mr. Kellogg, and with his help, Nicaragua and Colombia have settled an old dispute over the islands facing the coasts of those countries and ceded to the United States the right to maintain naval bases, which had already been established upon several of the islands. Colombia, on the basis of old Spanish jurisdiction, claimed the entire Atlantic coast of Nicaragua, several small islands facing it, the San Andre Archipelago, and Great and Little Corn islands, which latter two under the famous Bryan-Chamorro treaty Nicaragua made over to the United States as coaling bases. Nicaragua questioned the rights of the United States in regard to several small keys (Roncador, Quitasueño, Serrana) upon which we had erected lighthouses and defenses to the approach of the projected Nicaraguan canal. Under the agreement just concluded Colombia relinquishes all its claims except to a few small islands, cedes to the United States marine-base rights over some of these, and receives fishing rights in the surrounding waters. Nicaragua keeps sovereignty rights over her own coast, the San Andre Archipelago, and Great and Little Corn islands, giving to the United States the right to maintain the naval bases on the two latter which had already been erected on doubt

ful authority. Boundary disputes are always a good thing to clear up, and it is well that we have been helpful in settling that between Colombia and Nicaragua—even if we did feather our own nest rather handsomely in the neighborly gesture.

CAN IT BE that American undergraduates are at last coming to realize the unimportance of being earnest about a football victory? We were moved to that hope when the news came from New Haven that only 500 out of 5,000 students at Yale had attended a football rally to create enthusiasm for the Yale-Harvard game. We wonder if the loyal tenth were miserable, cringing freshmen who came because they were afraid to stay away. On the platform before vast stretches of empty seats a famous football coach waved his arms and talked gloomily about the Yale spirit. Out on the campus and in the students' rooms the repositories of this divine afflatus moved about their business as usual. Perhaps they were thinking that a victory in shoving, running, and booting a football scored by eleven Yale men over eleven Harvard men had nothing more to do with the Yale spirit than a victory by the White Sox has to do with the spirit of Chicago. At any rate they stayed away from the football rally even when a band and a parade marched across the campus to Woosley Hall in the attempt to seduce them with noise.

PROSPERITY—WHAT IS IT? What is this much-boasted-about, little-analyzed, less-understood phenomenon which seems to have been the inexorable power behind the great avalanche of votes that rolled Herbert Hoover to victory? Is it the profits in Wall Street gambling or the melons cut by some of the great corporations? Is it real-estate subdivisions littering the countryside with badly planned rows of vacant lots and occasional cheaply built houses? Is it bread and circuses—motor cars for the middle classes, radios and seats at the movies for even the poorest workers? Is it a reality or a legend? Is it merely a matter of bookkeeping and paper profits? Perhaps we are on the edge of a heart-to-heart talk among ourselves about this curious manifestation. Virgil Jordan, chief statistician of the National Industrial Conference Board, may have started the ball rolling by some surprising and unflattering remarks about prosperity. Speaking before the National Founders' Association—and he must have jarred his audience—he hazarded the theory that prosperity was merely a state of mind. Money, he said, was accruing to those who were catering to new wants of the population and supplying it with luxuries, but the basic industries—the raising of food, the mining of coal, the making of cotton and woolen clothing—were suffering from world-wide depression.

THERE HAS BEEN NO YEAR since the war, or even in our previous history, according to Mr. Jordan, when 'the overworked word 'prosperity' has had less real and definite meaning.'

This country is now firmly in the grasp of a prosperity complex which has been gradually and insidiously built up during the last few years. Prosperity in the present situation is rather a state of mind than a fact susceptible of demonstration either by statistics or by actual experience among business men or the general public. In larger part, it is an illusion created by extraordinary

financial conditions, by exceptional activity in production of certain types of goods, by radical changes in the organization and methods of manufacture, by changes in methods of distribution, and by shifts in the living habits of the urban population. These changes have been carried forward on a powerful tide of inflation, so that their significance and the problems they raise for the future have been submerged and obscured from public attention.

Some of us may begin to suspect next that our boasted "increased standard of living" adds more to the complexity and burden of living than it does to its quality; that it is as true today as when Thoreau said it that "Most of the luxuries, and many of the so-called comforts of life, are not only not indispensable, but positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind."

ALTHOUGH *THE NATION'S* astronomical expert is not in the office as this paragraph is written, we venture to estimate that the center of the universe is 258,532,712,000,000,000 miles from Arkansas. Professor Harlow Shapley and his associates of the Harvard Observatory have at last located in the constellation of Sagittarius the elusive spot which is supposed to be the magnetic focus of our system of stars. We, it seems, are near the edge of things, but nobody knows just where the jumping-off place is located. Beyond our universe may be other universes—no comfort for the monists can be found anywhere. There is something incalculably cold-blooded in these astronomers who can toss off lightly a statement that we are a few quadrillion miles away from that Bosom of Omnipotence where our forefathers thought we were. No wonder our Arkansas kinsmen are afraid of these men. While they are measuring the distances between stars, their brethren in the field of physics have learned to use light waves so accurately in measuring an object that the measurements are subject to an error of not more than three-one millionths of an inch. Some day they may be able to measure the mind of a fundamentalist.

THOMAS FORTUNE RYAN! Is it possible, as the newspapers say, that he has just died? Most persons had thought of him as dead for many years. And in a sense he had been. He retired from business activity twenty years ago, and for the last decade his name, once on the lips of every commentator on financial news, had hardly been heard in a public way. It is poetic justice, perhaps, that when our so-called "captains of industry" quit the steering wheel they are forgotten quicker and more completely, regardless of their wealth, than almost any of the persons who people for a day our crumbling halls of fame. Mr. Ryan bought a seat on the New York Stock Exchange at the age of twenty-three, and amassed an enormous fortune in a lifetime devoted to the mere manipulation for his own profit of the wealth others had produced. He was never a producer, a distributor, or in a creative sense a financial organizer, and in a sane economic system he would not have been conceded his board in a water-front lodging house. Yet he was a man of real talent, pursuing what he regarded as the wisest course in life, and he was wasted by his fellow-men quite as much as he exploited them. It is the fashion to call him a leader in a more ruthless finance than we know today. The fact is he was only a little more frank. The men of his time had not learned to conceal their ruthlessness behind a polite pitter-patter about service and patriotism.

An Open Letter to Owen D. Young

DEAR MR. YOUNG:

YOU have achieved by your own ability a very important, almost a commanding position in the field of electrical engineering and manufacturing. Your valuable public services have confirmed the high opinion held of you by public and press—the latter attributes to you the chief credit for the creation and adoption of the Dawes Plan which has done so much to restore and to sanitize Europe. You have repeatedly shown independence of action in the political world, as when you heartily approved of Governor Smith's water-power policy in the State of New York. On more than one occasion you have shown your understanding of public rights in the field of electrical power enterprises in sharp contrast with the point of view of many others affiliated with what has come to be known as the super-power trust. You are, therefore, deservedly ranked as an unusually liberal and public-spirited head of a great corporation.

It is precisely because you have this reputation and standing that we address ourselves to you in this public manner in relation to present conditions in the power industry. We refer especially to the revelations as to the underhanded attempt to make and control public opinion in this country in favor of private ownership and operation of public utilities which are dependent upon electrical power. The public has learned—not from any muck-raking press campaign, but as a result of the official inquiry conducted by the Federal Trade Commission—of far-reaching efforts to influence the press, the pulpit, the school, and the university. It has already been shown that the power lobby was prepared to spend more than \$400,000 during the last session of Congress. The National Electric Light Association alone spent more than \$250,000 for propaganda; thirteen geographical divisions disbursed \$237,300; not less than \$700,000 was disbursed by twenty-two State and regional bureaus created by utility corporations, operating hand in glove with the National Electric Light Association, the American Gas Association, and the lobby in Washington. In addition millions have been disbursed for advertising in the newspapers, much of which has plainly been inserted for the purpose of controlling editorial opinions.

If any proof were needed of this, it is to be found in a letter written by J. B. Sheridan, manager of the Missouri Committee on Public Utility Information, to C. H. Gallo-way of the Continental Gas and Electric Company of Omaha, Nebraska:

I am much interested in the very handsome little ad. which the Maryville Electric and Power Company is running in the Missouri newspapers. When all is said and done it is the advertising that counts. The fact that Carl Thompson [head of the Public Ownership League of Chicago] has received practically no notice in the Missouri newspapers is, I believe, due to the fact that the Electric Light and Power Company are good customers of the newspapers. It is not easy for anybody to bite the hand of a good customer.

So shameful has been the subservience of the press to this insidious form of bribery that this same J. B. Sheridan wrote a letter to an editorial friend thanking God that

there was one man who would not yield himself. It is significant, too, that this same Mr. Sheridan received a letter from John W. Colton, editor of the *American Electric Railway Magazine*, in which the latter said:

The thing about the utility industry that disgusts me is lying, thieving, faking, and downright evasion of trust or violation of trust that marks the progress toward enormous wealth of the so-called big men in the industry. When I see some of those fellows waving the flag, I am filled with not only disgust but rage, for they are anything but patriots.

You will not have forgotten, Mr. Young, that interests closely connected with you stood behind E. Hofer and Sons of Salem, Oregon, to the extent of \$80,000 a year for sending out matter to the press opposing government and municipal ownership, attacking labor unions, and criticizing "radical programs" for the relief of the farmer. Mr. Hofer testified before the Federal Trade Commission that he had succeeded in getting 3,000,000 column-inches into the paper to which he sent this matter during 1927—more than 20,000 newspaper pages.

Now, as Senator Norris has pointed out, public-utility concerns have the right to state their case in public, provided that they do so in an open and above-board way. If, however, they hire Governors of States to sign articles favoring them and their policies, the public has a right to know why the Governors signed and who wrote the articles. Again, Senator Norris is on indisputably sound ground when he points out that the millions that have gone into this propaganda come in the last analysis from the consumers themselves, and are one element in the failure of the electric companies to reduce the rates. You will certainly not deny that the subsidizing of school officials and college professors, and the editing or suppression of textbooks, is entirely contrary to the public welfare; that if it should be undertaken by other industries it would poison the whole atmosphere surrounding public questions.

You will recall, without our reminding you, the fearful scandals of a similar nature connected with the insurance business which were exposed by Charles E. Hughes, with the result that there was prompt government interference with this private business and the establishment of public control of insurance companies. It will be amazing, indeed, if the disclosures in Washington do not result in the creation of a federal commission to control public utilities and at least to insure the publication of their expense accounts. It is because you must be aware of these things, and because you in your person have seemed to stand for a different policy and attitude toward the public, that we are appealing to you to come out against this whole procedure. With other men in the industry who are like-minded, you could well join in a public statement which would reassure the public to some extent and would put you on record as being opposed to the corruption that has been revealed, and as being more than ready to clean house from top to bottom. In the earnest hope that you will take the leadership in this matter we are,

Yours very truly,

THE EDITORS OF *The Nation*

Boston Protects Itself

THE producers of "Gods of the Lightning," after a short run in New York City, decided to take this "Sacco-Vanzetti play," as it has been called, to Boston. The officials there, we understand, have the authority not only to stop a play which offends the law but to close for a period of time the theater in which it is produced. It is customary, therefore, for theater-owners to insert in their contracts a clause by which the producer undertakes to indemnify the owner in case his theater is closed. Hence, Hamilton MacFadden, before taking "Gods of the Lightning" to Boston, submitted the manuscript to John M. Casey, Chief of the Licensing Division, to learn what the official attitude would be. The latter passed the play along to the Corporation Counsel, Frank S. Deland, for an opinion. And this is what he got:

In compliance with your request this department has carefully examined the manuscript of the play "The Gods of the Lightning" [we preserve the spelling used in the city of learning] with a view to advising you as to the course to be pursued by you.

Unless changes are made in the various passages of the manuscript wherein the name of the Lord is used in such a manner as to be obnoxious to any one, whether he be believer or otherwise, and which in many instances borders on the blasphemous, you would in duty be bound to recommend to the statutory board or officials who pass upon the suspension of theater licenses that the license of any theater which allows this performance to be shown in this city be revoked if such passages were allowed to remain after a first performance in this city.

There are also many passages in this manuscript that are so condemnatory of our government, its form, its practices, and its officials, both national and State, that it would require but a little stretch of the imagination to term them anarchistic and treasonable. The whole play, it seems to me, is an attempt, while depicting the recent trial of Sacco and Vanzetti in Massachusetts, to bring into disrepute our judicial system and our judicial officers, especially those officials who participated in the Sacco-Vanzetti trial. It is unfair to them and only tends to hold them up to ridicule and to unfairness. It is in reality a dishonest attack upon our courts and our judicial system. I do not believe it is worthy of a place on any American stage, more especially a Boston stage. In my opinion the producers should be notified that their play does not meet with your favor and probably will not meet with the favor of the statutory board on licenses in this city.

Mr. Casey forwarded a copy of this letter to Mr. MacFadden with a brief note saying that the Corporation Counsel's "opinion in no manner differs from the conclusion I had arrived at."

This is as one might expect. The Sacco-Vanzetti tragedy is not dead, as the State of Massachusetts hoped it would be long before now. Indeed it is a more living issue today than a year ago, and the action of the Boston officials is the natural response of frightened, crawling little bureaucrats in the circumstances. *The Nation* discussed "Gods of the Lightning" in its issue of November 14 (page 528), and in our opinion the charge of blasphemy is in no way warranted and has been trumped up to give a technical basis for action. On the other hand, the complaint that the play ridicules the courts is amply justified. So is the ridicule. Nothing needs to be more ribaldly pooh-poohed, more merci-

lessly held up to the scorn of decent citizens, than so-called American justice—a stupid, archaic, doddering hocus-pocus of pious humbug and downright corruption which in one part of the country tortured for seven years and then murdered two friendless, moneyless aliens and in another has failed to convict of crime a single principal in the stinking oil frauds of the Harding Administration.

But even if the ridicule of "Gods of the Lightning" were unjustified, the authors of the play, Maxwell Anderson and Harold Hickerson, are entitled to express their opinions in Boston or anywhere else in the United States without interference from mob-fawning political job-holders. We hope a way may be found to put on "Gods of the Lightning" in Boston. The city officials will probably stop it, and if the courts uphold the action, the public will have new and dramatic proof that all the vitriol of the play is justified.

Hermann Sudermann

HERMANN SUDERMANN, the internationally known novelist and playwright, died in Berlin on November 21 at the age of seventy-one years. A few hours later his publishers announced that the most famous of his novels, "Frau Sorge," had sold some three hundred thousand copies (an almost unprecedented number for Germany). Yet in spite of the fact that he was also author of one of the most successful plays of the nineteenth century, he died a much embittered man who had seen the critical acclaim with which he had formerly been greeted gradually replaced by persistent disparagement.

Sudermann, born of humble parents and deprived of the advantages of formal education, passed, like Ibsen, from a chemist's shop to journalism, but there was something fateful in the fact that his first and triumphantly successful play, "Honor," appeared in 1889, which was also the year of Gerhart Hauptmann's first drama, "Before Sunrise." At the time the two men could hardly have guessed that they would be rivals. Sudermann's fame immediately rose to very nearly its highest point while that of Hauptmann remained relatively slight. But over a period of ten years the positions were gradually reversed. Though he continued to write plays (there are a score in all), some of which achieved great popularity, critics fell into the habit of contrasting Sudermann's theatrical adroitness with what appeared to be the greater sincerity of the rising star. Superficially the two men belonged to the same school. Both dealt with the social problems of their time and both appeared as champions of liberal ideas, but Sudermann was accused of sacrificing truth in the interest of striking theatrical effect, and he came more and more to be used as a foil in celebrations of his rival's greatness. He found in his financial rewards no compensation for this loss of critical esteem, a bitterness against Hauptmann sprang up, and when the latter became a member of the newly formed German Literary Academy Sudermann refused to join it.

One of his hitherto untranslated novels, "The Mad Professor," has just been published here by Horace Liveright, but his plays disappeared some years ago from the New York stage, where one in particular ("Heimat," translated as "Magda") had been played by both Modjeska and Mrs. Fiske. A little later the novel called "The Song of Songs" achieved considerable popularity in America and a dramati-

zation was played by Irene Fenwick, but Sudermann's reputation here has followed the same course as in Germany. Commonly regarded as a significant figure in contemporary German literature, he is nevertheless treated less and less seriously and, in all probability, less and less read, in spite of the fact that "Heimat" has been widely used as a textbook in modern-language classes.

Doubtless Sudermann has been to some degree unjustly treated and the victim of the persistent comparison with Hauptmann. It became fashionable to depreciate him, and there was little possibility of his being able to recapture the reputation which he had lost. Yet the artistic defects of his work are not only real but of a sort which inevitably become more and more conspicuous as his once daring themes are less and less sufficient to distract the attention from them. When "Honor" and "Magda" were first performed his criticism of the military code in the one and his defense of the free life of an opera singer against the opposition of her family in the other was sensational and socially important. Today, when his paradoxes are no longer paradoxical, one is much more likely to perceive the mechanical and rather over-simplified character of his dramatic construction.

Even Hauptmann has already begun to pay the penalty almost inevitably exacted of the writer who founds a hope for permanent fame upon work which depends for a considerable part of its interest upon the treatment of current themes, and Hauptmann is a solid writer than the author of "Heimat." Sudermann's place in history is secure, but probably it is so in history alone. He will be remembered as one of those who helped revitalize the stage by bringing it into contact with the life of his time long after he has ceased to be acted or read.

Harvard's New Plan

THE official statement of President Lowell throws little additional light upon Harvard University's decision to accept an anonymous gift of \$3,000,000 to institute a "house" or "hall," after the manner of the separate colleges at Oxford and Cambridge. Hence it is plain that Mr. Lowell himself has no clear-cut ideas as to just what form this extraordinarily interesting experiment will take. That is wise. We fancy that those teachers at Harvard who know Cambridge and Oxford best will be among the first to advise caution in adapting the English college-plan to Harvard conditions. The difficulties are obvious. Harvard is not Oxford and, though it is shortly to celebrate its three-hundredth birthday, has not behind it the same body of tradition as the oldest English universities. Nor is it prepared to substitute for its present teaching system the English one in which almost the whole burden is laid upon the tutors. The tutorial developments at Harvard point in that direction, and so does the recent setting aside of a reading period for upper classmen in the academic year during which lectures and recitations are suspended. But a more radical change can only come through experimentation.

That, we are sure, is President Lowell's idea. Several years ago an extraordinarily able undergraduate council reported upon the necessity of some such device to overcome the lack of social solidarity among three thousand undergraduates drawn from many countries and all sections of the United States, representing very different individual

training and backgrounds. The class system long ago broke down at Harvard because of numbers, and with the disappearance of the old commons in Memorial Hall there was no even that much of a common meeting ground. The freshman dormitories were then instituted in order to shuffle the freshmen, so that they would not segregate according to their preparatory schools or previous habitats and might have the opportunity to meet more of their classmates. But this left unsolved the problem of the other three years. Only a relatively few of the upper classmen took their meals together. One member of the faculty, therefore, writes us that "if the new plan accomplishes nothing more than to restore the habit of dining 'in hall' instead of 'on stool in cafeteria,' it will have something in its favor." So will it considerably justify itself if it can restore some of the old contacts between teachers and students, now so much decreased even when the professors have every desire to meet their students outside of the classrooms. Finally, we would point out again that from the days of President Eliot and the late Frank Bolles, so long connected with the administration of the college, the desire has been there to try the experiment of subdivision.

When it comes to the dangers of the experiment, they are obvious. Harvard suffers enough in all conscience because of its reputation for snobbishness and a hard-and-fast division of the sheep from the goats, the sheep being those whose parents are well endowed with worldly goods. If the idea should go forth that Harvard is now engaged in segregating its students so that the poor among them, the Jews, the Negroes, and odd persons generally, can be segregated or eliminated, still further mischief will be done. What is to be the basis for selection for residence in the first house or hall?

Plainly it ought to be restricted to honor students. If later there could be developed a wholesome rivalry between halls in intellectual pursuits, so much the better. But the experiment will surely fail if the student body within the halls is not chosen on a purely democratic basis. If it is to be merely social segregation of like-minded youths it will work injury and be an extremely bad example to the rest of the university world. There is far too much of that now in some of our colleges. The sole common denominator ought to be the intellectual tastes and achievements of the undergraduates, tutors, masters, and, perhaps, research fellows who will probably be in residence.

If it succeeds well there will be an increase in the intellectual life of Harvard greatly needed to offset the materialism of its Business School. Anything that will lead Harvard back to pure scholarship, which will bring about stimulating intellectual companionship among students and between them and their teachers, is altogether in order. Here, too, there will be some to dissent, to remind us that beautiful quadrangles and ivy-covered halls do not make a university and that Harvard would do well to put the money not into new buildings, but into larger salaries for teachers so that greater minds and characters may be drawn to Cambridge and be freed from that desperate struggle to live which is touched upon by a college professor in an article elsewhere in this issue. Finally, it must not be overlooked that this revolution in Harvard University has been brought about by a single gift from an unknown donor and that the college is committed to it without its being thought worth while to consult in advance the students or the alumni as to whether they desire the change.

More Revelations of Colonel House

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE third and fourth volumes of the "Intimate Papers of Colonel House,"* edited by Professor Charles Seymour, constitute a notable historical document, a contribution to the story of the American waging of the war and the American participation in the making of the Treaty of Versailles which no future historian can overlook. These volumes, moreover, put Colonel House personally in a better light than did the first two. With the United States in the war, he was able to play a better and a more honorable role. The die was cast. There was no need of his being for American participation in the war one day and against it the next; no need for the trickery, the insincerity, the double-dealing, and the hypocrisy which made the earlier volumes so sad and so shocking a revelation of the true Colonel House. Moreover, in these volumes the Colonel is no longer merely an unofficial, backstairs personality who relieved the President of endless interviews and made himself the medium of such communications as he thought should reach the Chief Executive. Here he appears chiefly as the officially designated spokesman in Europe of the President, and the leading peace commissioner next to Woodrow Wilson himself.

Not that Colonel House could divest himself altogether of the habit of fooling some of those who came into contact with him. Of this let one striking example suffice: his offering to Clemenceau the proposed perpetual Anglo-American guaranty of French territory, a proposal properly ignored by Congress. We now learn that the suggestion of this guaranty came from Lloyd George. House eagerly "proceeded to define it, and on March 20 took it to the French Premier"—plainly with his tongue in his cheek. Clemenceau, he reports, fell for it "with keen delight." But the wily House added in his diary on that same day: "I have my doubts as to the Senate accepting such a treaty, but that is to be seen." One week later his tell-tale diary records this: "I thought I ought to call the President's attention to the perils of such a treaty. Among other things, it would be looked upon as a direct blow to the League of Nations"! In other words, in a time of great stress and much muddying of the waters, when the whole Peace Conference was nearing the rocks, the Statesman-Colonel drafted for Lloyd George and Clemenceau a proposal whose acceptance he greatly doubted, only to become frightened at his own handiwork, and to warn the President against it. Yet it was accepted by Woodrow Wilson and with his consent was made into a treaty and given to the two Allies. How disgusted with himself the Colonel must feel today that his interference, plus that righteous refusal of the Senate, which he anticipated, to consider the treaty has laid the United States open to endless Gallic charges of perfidy, of obtaining certain concessions in the treaty by this false promise of a permanent guaranty. The whole country still stands accused of chicanery and bad faith because of this supernatural, not to say diabolical, cleverness of the Texas colonel.

Allowing, however, for the obvious faults of his character and for the nature of the role he was called upon

to play, one cannot withhold from Colonel House one's admiration for his extraordinary industry and devotion, and the dexterity, versatility, and skill with which he played the game. He subordinated everything to his job, and spared himself not at all. As to his all-embracing activities and the remarkable power he exercised, his editor inserts repeated proof. When war came everybody—literally thousands upon thousands with an ax to grind—wrote to him asking for jobs or seeking, legitimately, to obtain action from the over-burdened departments of the government. As Professor Seymour puts it:

Those planning the mobilization of scientific and industrial effort sent him their memoranda for criticism; industrialists wrote him on the proper method to settle the coal or the railroad problem; financiers wrote regarding the tax plan of the Secretary of the Treasury; naval experts on the policy of Secretary Daniels; journalists on the unsatisfactory relations between the Administration and the press "which have become intolerably tangled. . . ."

At home the whole world was at his feet; abroad he was greatly liked. His quiet, ingratiating manners, his unselfishness, his readiness to fall in with every suggestion he could meet, and his eagerness to compromise made him a very welcome plenipotentiary of Woodrow Wilson.

Thus A. J. Balfour—whom Colonel House believed to be the most liberal member of the British Government!—considered his help "inestimable." Northcliffe wrote that through House "I have been able to effect much more good than I have achieved at Washington"; this great newspaper magnate rejoiced that Wilson and House were "both pro-English." Sir William Wiseman declared that it is "difficult for the chronicler to define and the reader to appreciate the position and influence of Colonel House during the World War." The British and French leaders sought his aid at all times and by it cut through red tape and got things accomplished. Before he held office the British Government actually negotiated directly with him, a private citizen, appealing to him at one time as its only hope of heading off financial bankruptcy. France and England learned early that Colonel House was the State Department; there is nothing more striking in these volumes than the almost total absence of references to the Department which was supposed to be in charge of our foreign affairs. As for the power the Colonel exercised, he even dared to alter, without asking anybody's consent, an official dispatch received by him in London from Woodrow Wilson before giving it to Lloyd George and the press—"rephrasing it" is Professor Seymour's euphemism. For this the Colonel was momentarily disavowed in Washington, but only momentarily. This long record teems with praises of him; David Hunter Miller glows over the "extraordinary influence" of the Colonel in all the negotiations leading to the writing of the Covenant, and Sir William Wiseman, who was the liaison officer between Colonel House and the British Government, repeatedly pays tribute to Colonel House's ability, sagacity, and remarkable accomplishments.

Much of his popularity was due to the fact that the Colonel loved everybody—at least when he was with him.

* Houghton Mifflin Company. \$10.

Everybody was his best and dearest friend. Balfour, Orlando, Clemenceau, whose grateful kisses are constantly recorded; Reading, Northcliffe, Tardieu, Lloyd George, Wiseman, Joffre (about whom the Colonel's judgment was particularly at fault), Foch—one gets nauseated finally by the lack of discrimination until one begins to wonder whether there is not much truth in Ray Stannard Baker's sharp assertion that "There was nothing hard, clear, sure, definite, in his [Colonel House's] intellectual processes." One even for a moment wonders whether Karl Friedrich Nowak, one of the historians of the Treaty of Versailles, has not some right on his side when he speaks of the Colonel as a delightful person who "entirely failed to comprehend what was being discussed with him"; who "amid the stern realities of the conference table . . . never grasped what was going on between those present." Yet it is indisputable that the Colonel did play an immensely valuable part in organizing for the Peace Conference both here and abroad, in defining the war aims and the peace points, in snatching other people's ideas and putting them to work, besides originating a number himself, and doing everything in his power to forward business and hasten the coming of some kind of peace. "My province," he wrote, "is to keep things running smoothly . . . to find in advance where trouble lies, and to smooth it out before it goes too far." In other words, he was a service station which was never without its supply of gas. Side by side with all this were the often execrable blunders of judgment which both the Colonel and his editor are frank to record.

It is not easy to assay exactly the value of one who by choice tried to play simultaneously the role of errand boy, glorified private secretary, privy chamberlain, and a fairly liberal Talleyrand. Some of his weaknesses are very plain. As I have said, he was an eternal compromiser. The fact that his nature prevented his ever bursting out with passionate emotion against any injustice, that it kept him from practically ever making a speech, from ever taking a strong and unyielding position, made him fall back upon wheedling, upon suggesting other ways of beating the devil around the stump, made him be forever finding alternatives, sometimes furtively, and forever compromising. Never could he put his back to the wall and take a stand, or seek by the power of righteous indignation to overcome the "vanities and ambitions" of the various statesmen, to which Wickham Steed attributes the worst evils of the treaty-making. He deplored privately the policy of the Allies and the United States in starving to death hundreds of thousands of citizens in Central Europe, chiefly women and children, the aged, and the feeble, but as for making an effective outcry against it, no, indeed. If it had depended upon the Colonel to rescue them they would be dying yet.

Amusingly enough, the Colonel looked down upon his Chief because Woodrow Wilson was a compromiser! "The President," he wrote in his diary, "often tells me that under no circumstances will he do a certain thing and, a few hours later, he consents. . . ." Plainly this was a grievous fault in anybody else. The difference between them was that Colonel House never recorded himself as refusing to recede, and therefore always left open the line of retreat. He never made a frontal public attack, but was silent at all the meetings, for instance, of the commission that drafted the League of Nations, always seeking to deal with individuals and to mold them behind closed doors; behind those doors he receded and compromised. Compromise was

his and Wilson's joint undoing. As Leonard Woolf has recently said of Wilson and House at Paris in the *London Nation*: "Once they began to compromise they were lost, the Allied statesmen saw they had America on the run, and they kept her running until she reached Versailles." Those skilful men soon had Wilson and House sized up, and knew just how far they could go with them. Every time Clemenceau kissed Colonel House he celebrated another victory, and Colonel House loved him all the more dearly. It is revealed now that Woodrow Wilson's gesture of summoning the George Washington to France was a mere accidental one, and that it did not, as is popularly believed, result in the Allies yielding to him. On the contrary, both House and Wilson compromised more than ever after that.

As for the record for compromise of the Colonel who himself records the melancholy compromising of Woodrow Wilson, here are a few facts brought out by Professor Seymour: He out-compromised the President by agreeing to a buffer Rhine state which Wilson, to his eternal credit, declined to accept; he again out-compromised his Chief on the Sarre question: "I advise yielding a little in order to secure harmony so that the accusation would not be made that we were unreasonable. He promised to do this thing." "This thing" was the present outrageous arrangement, in violation of Wilson's principles, under which the French have for the last ten years been administering the Sarre Basin. Like Wilson in Paris, the Colonel often overrode the unanimous opinions of experts in order not to raise an issue; he accepted the wrongdoing without a protest. Together they yielded to Japan on Shantung, thereby so outraging their three fellow-commissioners that one wished to resign to keep his self-respect, and several of the experts did. They themselves were responsible for the denial to the Japanese of their just demands for the incorporation in the Covenant of a statement of the national and racial equality of all member nations of the League, and of their citizens. Swearing they would ne'er consent, Wilson and House consented to French troops camping years upon German soil; to the failure to specify the exact amount of reparations which Germany was to pay. For the crime of yielding the Tyrol to Italy—to which both Lloyd George and Clemenceau were, it now appears, opposed—Woodrow Wilson, however, alone deserves the reprobation of the 300,000 Germans who are daily violated and outraged in all their feelings by the Italy of Mussolini*. His is also the sole shame for the inclusion of pensions among the legitimate war reparations in the face of the private protests of Colonel House and our economic advisers. It was Wilson who, after demanding open covenants of peace openly arrived at, opposed the publication of the peace treaty long after it had been agreed to, and it was not given to the world until copies from Berlin came filtering through to Paris. It was he who was against an international court, and then came round in favor of it. It was he who finally made a stand for Fiume, at last carrying out his public threat to go over the heads of the peace-makers to the people, and then went wrong in the eyes of many American experts. Together these two men bargained away everything for the League of Nations, and then, with rare poetic justice, they failed to carry their nation into it.

House was sure that they would win over the Senate if they only compromised enough, so he labored hard and

* On May 26, 1917, this same Woodrow Wilson had written to the Russian Government: "No people must be forced under sovereignty under which it does not wish to live."

ably to wring changes in the Covenant from the Allies to meet Senatorial protests. Again his judgment utterly failed him. Always he was certain that he knew just what public opinion was at home—it always coincided with what he wanted or feared. There never was a moment when he hesitated to speak out in the name of the American people as if he were chosen by them to be their mouthpiece. For example, he did not hesitate to tell the Prime Ministers of his belief that the United States would accept mandatories over Armenia and Constantinople, as a result of which the United States has also been accused of breach of faith. "America will not and ought not to fight for the maintenance of the old, narrow, and selfish order of things," he once wrote to Woodrow Wilson. Yet, as a result of their joint handling of the fate of America, that is exactly what it did. Colonel House now admits that the treaty was bad, that it worked great injustice. Wilson had said in a speech at Buffalo: "What I am opposed to is not the feeling of the pacifists, but their stupidity. My heart is with them, but my mind has a contempt for them. I want peace, *but I know how to get it and they do not.*" Then he went to Paris and scored, with Colonel House, the most terrible failure to get a just peace and to advance civilization the world has ever seen. Colonel House now confesses it, but the admission was not necessary. It is proved on every page of his book. He and Wilson were both temperamentally unfit to carry through their cause to success.

This question will, I suppose, be debated as long as the Peace Conference is discussed at all. Ray Stannard Baker has tried to place the blame for the failure at Paris upon Colonel House as well as the foreign Premiers. His argument is demolished by these "Intimate Papers" at several points; Colonel House has a complete alibi to the charge that he betrayed his Chief. Professor Seymour tries to find a middle course by laying all the blame upon the time and the conditions. By March 1, 1919, it had become clear, he says, that "an unbending insistence by President Wilson on his program would precipitate an open quarrel with the European Prime Ministers. They protested that if they yielded it would mean the overthrow of their governments. All were caught in a net of circumstances which made free and reasonable decisions impossible. Tales of confusion in Central Europe, Russia, the Far East, the Near East complicated the problems at Paris." Now, this was perhaps true at the time. The crucial point of the whole battle was at the very beginning of the negotiations. Then it was that House and Wilson should have pointed out that they would make terms on the Fourteen Points and nothing else; that they would not yield an inch, as America had pledged its national honor, as the other statesmen had pledged the honor of their countries by promising the Germans in the armistice a peace on the Fourteen Points. That was the time for the ultimatum, for the threat to make a separate peace, to take the strongest army out of Europe together with the representatives of the only Treasury that had unlimited sums of money in it. Later on they were enchained by their own compromising.

Of course, if Wilson and House had obtained an ideal League of Nations and had had it accepted by the United States; if by this time war had been outlawed, and the promised disarmament of the Allies realized, there might be a defense for their compromising. As it is it would have been far better if, either at the beginning of the

conference or about the first of March, the Americans had marched away from Paris without a treaty but with their flags flying. In that case, we should not, as a nation, have a lot of things on our conscience of which we ought to be thoroughly ashamed. Our honor would be unsullied. The beaten Central Powers would not be able rightly to charge us with breaking our word, our national faith. Instead we have Colonel House writing: "How splendid it would have been had we blazed a new and better trail! However, it is to be doubted whether this could have been done even if those in authority had so decreed, for the peoples back of them had to be reckoned with." This from the man who in Paris on November 11, 1918, sent the following triumphant and adoring telegram to Woodrow Wilson:

Autocracy is dead; long live democracy and its immortal leader. In this great hour my heart goes out to you in pride, admiration, and love.
EDWARD HOUSE

This same Edward House now writes in the work before us that if he and the immortal leader of democracy had won at Paris he is not sure that their peace would not have been followed by as much bitterness as has resulted from the betrayal at Versailles. The peoples had to be reckoned with? It was Wilson himself who declared at the first plenary session in Paris that the delegates were all there merely to obey the voices of the plain people who had made the sacrifices. Indeed, on the way over on the George Washington the President told the assembled American experts that "the men whom we are about to deal with did not represent their own people . . ." and that "this was the first conference in which decisions depended upon the *opinion of mankind*, not upon the previous determination and *diplomatic schemes of the assembled representatives.*" Which is right, Wilson or House? They cannot both be.

Unfortunately for Professor Seymour, there is proof in his own volumes that if House and Wilson had made a stand they could have achieved much. For instance, when Colonel House got mad at the attacks upon America and its emissaries in Paris he went to Clemenceau and demanded that they cease. They did the next day. Again, Colonel House had an inspiration in the night of October 29, 1918, which led to his telling the Prime Ministers, who were then haggling over granting the armistice on the basis of the Fourteen Points, that if they did not yield the President would go before Congress and discuss whether we should not make a separate peace. Again Colonel House on another occasion showed spunk in demanding financial aid for Belgium. On page 351 of volume IV will be found clear evidence of the gravity of the French financial situation which was alleviated only when Colonel House interceded for the French with Lloyd George. The financial straits of the Allies alone gave the Americans the whip-hand. These instances show that when House and Wilson wanted to bring influence to bear they could. Indeed, the two men had every card in the pack with which to play the game, as everyone who was at Paris at that time knows. They were simply execrable poker players, and they lost the greatest stakes for which two men have ever gambled. Colonel House's volumes prove this.

As for the relations of the two men, Colonel House frankly admits that he still loves and admires Woodrow Wilson. He is surely sincere in that, though to admit

anything else would inevitably damage his own prestige, since, as he shows, so many of Woodrow Wilson's acts were due to himself, his suggestions, his letters, telegrams, memoranda, and programs. On June 10, 1919, he confided to his diary: "He [Wilson] is one of the most difficult and complex characters I have ever known. He is so contradictory that it is hard to pass judgment upon him. . . . When one gets access to him, there is no more charming man in all the world than Woodrow Wilson. . . . He could use this charm to enormous personal and public advantage if he would. . . ." He has no explanation for the break between them and declares that it is a mystery which will never be solved because the explanation is buried with Woodrow Wilson. We are not quite so sure of this as he; there are three persons who may yet throw considerable light upon it. But it is true that he never received an unkind word in writing from his friend. While he says that he often disagreed with Mr. Wilson, he also flattered him eternally and never ceased to feed his enormous vanity and egotism. Once the Colonel said to the President: "No man has ever had deeper or graver responsibilities, and no one has met them with more patience, courage, and wisdom." He assured Wilson that his name "should be linked during the ages" with the League. A little later he found that the growing desire for the League "has crystallized around your name. . . . Now if war can be made impossible what a glorious culmination of your other accomplishments." Wilson's speeches always seemed to Colonel House the greatest ever made. "Your speech was as great as the occasion." On another day: "I believe that what you said today will hearten the world as nothing you have said before." If it was a melancholy ending which came

to their friendship Colonel House may solace himself with the thought that he is but one of a long list. Sooner or later in the nature of things a break had to come.

Finally, I would emphasize again the value of the historical revelations which Colonel House gives us as well as the personal ones, made the more striking because of Professor Seymour's skilful editing. He gives us for the first time the true story of Wilson's part in the Siberian adventure of the Allies and ourselves—Wilson's yielding and agreeing to an unconstitutional act clearly forecast his similar surrenders at Paris. House, too, at first opposed and then accepted, and it appears that the Allies really believed that they had no chance of final victory in France unless they intervened in Siberia! Here, too, are extraordinarily interesting accounts of the negotiations to obtain an early German surrender by strengthening the German pacifists by American propaganda—apparently the President had no contempt for their desire to obtain peace. The whole story of the conception of the League is given in detail, together with a remarkable picture of how the Covenant was finally licked into shape by the League Commission at Paris. Excellently told is also the narrative of the way the armistice terms were worked out by Colonel House and Mr. Wilson; it is probably the last word on this subject from the American point of view. Also extremely valuable is the portrayal of the admirable work done by General Tasker H. Bliss and Colonel House on the Supreme War Council during the spring and summer of 1918. The plain effort to be frank and straightforward and the self-revelation of this autobiographical work stamp it as one of the really great personal contributions to American history.

China and Japan—1928

By THOMAS F. MILLARD

[This is the first of three articles by Mr. Millard. The second, Did Japan Kill Chang Tso-lin?, will appear shortly.]

Shanghai, October 1

UNLESS readers are ready to accept some things as ponderable propositions in the Chino-Japan situation of today, viz.:

That sending Japanese troops into Shantung Province, into Hopei (Chihli) Province, and into Manchuria, in April and May, 1928, were coordinate moves in a broad political project of the Japanese Government;

That one motive of that project was to prevent the Chinese Nationalists from securing the hegemony of all China;

That to obstruct the northward advance of the Chinese Nationalist armies and to give excuse for the Japanese re-occupation of Shantung the Japanese military command provoked a clash with Chinese troops at Tsinan;

That the Japanese military command at Mukden planned and executed the assassination of Chang Tso-lin;

That, later, the Tokyo Government by menacing the Mukden Government prevented the Manchuria provinces from peacefully accepting the authority of the National Chinese Government at Nanking;

That the Japanese Government tried, and presumably

is still trying, to compel the Mukden Government to sign an agreement which would detach Manchuria from China and make that region virtually a dependency of Japan;

Unless, as I said previously, readers are willing to accept those things as being within reason and perhaps provable, they would do well not to read any further. For this analysis will deal with realities and will make no effort to write down to international political amateurishness.

It should be said at once that some of those matters are not positively provable and probably they never will be. It is very difficult to prove ulterior motives and crimes of governments positively. If that ever is possible it usually is only long after the event. The proofs, or perhaps it is better to say the known facts, of the China-Japan imbroglio of 1928, in so far as it has developed, are largely circumstantial. By narrating the material facts and their connotations whatever there is of proof comes out.

A presumption exists in Western countries, which gets oblique recognition from official quarters that ought to know better, that Japan has an exceptional treaty status in China. That is not so. Japan's treaty rights in China are the same in principle and almost identical in fact as the treaty rights of the United States here. The American Government has the same right (?) to send troops into China that Japan has. The American Government has as much right to

"advise" Chinese in Manchuria about recognizing the National Government of China as Japan has.

For many years the Japanese Government labored to establish among the Powers a recognition of Japan's "special position" in respect to China and did get a presumption to that effect worked into secret agreements with some of the Powers. The Japanese Government tried to twist the Lansing-Ishii Agreement to that interpretation but the American Government repudiated it. All pretense of Japan's having a special political relation to China was abandoned at the Washington Conference.

The principal points of China-Japan friction now are in Shantung Province and in Manchuria. Manchuria is the real crux. Japan's moves and actions in Shantung now (having failed to block the Chinese Nationalists' progress northward) are to establish diplomatic trading points to get something in Manchuria.

Since the latest crisis in the relations of China and Japan developed, the American and British governments have declared that they do not regard Manchuria as being different in political status from any other part of China. No question of Shantung having a different status than other parts of China ever has been raised.

The Powers taking part in the Washington Conference and who signed the treaties made there (United States, Belgium, Great Britain, China, France, Italy, Japan, Holland, Portugal) made a particular agreement relating to principles and policies to be followed by those Powers in matters concerning China. That agreement has nine articles of which I will quote two:

ARTICLE I

The Contracting Powers, other than China, agree:

1. To respect the sovereignty, the independence, and the territorial and administrative integrity of China;
2. To provide the fullest and most unembarrassed opportunity to China to develop and maintain for herself an effective and stable government;
3. To use their influence for the purpose of effectually establishing and maintaining the principle of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations throughout the territory of China;
4. To refrain from taking advantage of conditions in China in order to seek special rights or privileges which would abridge the rights of subjects or citizens of friendly states and from countenancing action inimical to the security of such states.

ARTICLE II

The Contracting Powers agree not to enter into any treaty, agreement, arrangement, or understanding, either with one another, or, individually or collectively, with any Power or Powers, which would infringe or impair the principles stated in Article I.

At Washington, in 1922, China and Japan, with the approval of the other Powers, made an agreement whereby Japan was to evacuate Shantung Province, which was supplemented by a subsequent agreement made in China afterward. Those agreements, subject to interpretation under the terms of the Articles previously cited, define the China-Japan status in that province.

A story is told that during a discussion in committee at the Washington Conference Mr. (then Senator) Oscar Underwood, one of the American delegates, asked one of the Japanese delegates:

"You continually use the term 'interests' in reference to Japan's relations with China. Just what do you mean?"

Somewhat embarrassed, the Japanese went on to explain about large Japanese investments in China. After listening a while, Mr. Underwood said:

"You mean property, then, when you say 'interests.' I think it would be better if we use the word property when property is meant. Interests is a broad and vague term."

The Washington Conference itself was proof of great international interest in China and of extensive foreign interests here. Japan has no monopoly of any forms of interest in China. Japanese property in China is not one-fourth the value of British investments in the United States. It is less than the value of American investments in Japan. It is a fraction of American investments in Europe. Other foreign investments and property in China greatly exceed those of Japan.

Japan's property in China is based on wars and is the spoils of wars; not wars of Japan with China, but wars of other Powers against one another when China was the unwilling and principal victim. Japanese private investments in China were largely acquired by questionable methods and in all other respects their present status is the same as American or any foreign investments here.

Railways constitute the major part of Japan's property in China. The South Manchuria Railway is that part of the Chinese Eastern Railway (built by joint Russian and Chinese participation) held by Japanese armies when the war between Russia and Japan ended. Japan was in a position to demand and to obtain abandonment by Russia in Japan's favor of the Russian railway rights in that section. Japan virtually compelled China to consent, afterward, to Japan's inheritance of Russia's rights, and, still later, to give Japan a lot of additional privileges. A good deal of Chinese private property in Manchuria was taken by Japan during the war and never restored to its owners.

Under the terms of the old agreement with Russia, China had the right to buy the Chinese Eastern Railway outright within a time which already has expired. Japan forced China under pressure to agree to extend that limit for ninety-nine years; an agreement which China protested at the Washington Conference as being given under duress. Later Dr. Wellington Koo, then Peking Foreign Minister, denounced the Liao-tung lease (Port Arthur and Dairen area) and announced that China considered that all foreign tenure of railways in Manchuria was void in respect to extraterritorial status. That is the situation now. Naturally, in the circumstances, China has made no attempt to enforce that declaration. Neither in Shantung nor Manchuria has China tried to confiscate foreign railway investments. She merely has wanted to buy them back. Japan has refused to sell.

Japan's railway property in China is now estimated by the Japanese Government at a very high valuation. In statements published in America and other countries the total runs to hundreds of millions. This is for property which cost probably less than \$50,000,000. None of that original cost was borne by Japan or by Japanese private investors.

One concedes that those railways are worth more now than when they were built. What has given them increased value? It is partly material improvements; better rolling stock, equipment, and the like. But the greater part of the increased value comes from operation of the lines; from

hauling passengers and freight. The passengers are almost all Chinese. The freight is chiefly produce of Chinese farms and factories. The Chinese people by their labor have given value to those railways. If they stopped producing, the railway properties would drop in value to what the equipment would sell for. If ten million Chinese had not moved into Manchuria in the last twenty years the South Manchuria Railway would not be so good a property.

To follow Japan's finger in China's domestic politics one needs to go back a little. That Japan has been afraid of the Chinese revolution from its beginning is known to all who have any background on Far Eastern affairs. That the downfall of monarchy in China presages the downfall of monarchy in Japan has been the theme of Japanese political writers ever since the Manchu court went. At different times Japanese statesmen have dwelt on that theme, and some of them have said plainly that Japan would be justified, for her own security, in preventing the adoption of republican institutions in China. The military oligarchy that has ruled Japan until lately, and which controls the present government there, always has feared that republicanism will spread from China to Japan. The Japanese Government has sympathized with and at times has obliquely encouraged attempts to restore the monarchy in China.

As long as real republicanism in China seemed remote, as long as Chinese military dictators and would-be dictators fought among themselves for place and power and wealth, as long as those internecine struggles kept this country divided and weak, as long as the Nationalist movement was confined to the region of Canton, as long as Japan had especial influence with the dictator of Manchuria and by propinquity a particular influence with any government at Peking, Tokyo was not much concerned. But when Nationalism advanced northward, occupied the Yangtze Valley, and threatened to extend its power even to Peking, Tokyo became uneasy.

Chinese domestic politics, as in most countries, expresses itself largely in personalities. Certain men stand for certain things and tendencies. Thus Japan's hostility to Wu Pei-fu, when that warlord was ascendant, was obvious. General Wu was noted for his intense opposition to Japan's aggressive policy in China. In the wars between Wu and Chang Tso-lin, Japan's good-will was on the side of Chang.

Then up came Feng Yu-hsiang, who succeeded in crowding Wu Pei-fu out of the picture and became for a while the dictator of Peking. When Chang Tso-lin drove Feng out of the old capital, Tokyo's relief was evident. Feng, like Wu, was outspoken about China's rights and Japan's aggressions.

Along with Chang Tso-lin's extension of power in North China came Chang Chung-chang, a henchman of Chang Tso-lin, who got as far south as Shanghai in 1925, then was driven back into Shantung, where he stayed until 1928. It is interesting to note that he was expelled from Shanghai by Sun Chuan-fang.

All that time the Nationalists were hardly in the picture. The year 1927 brought the Nationalists into the Yangtze Valley and put Japan on the alert. Tokyo regarded Shantung and Manchuria as Japan's "spheres of influence," and from then the purpose to obstruct a Nationalist progress northward developed.

There is little reason to doubt that Japanese provided arms and munitions for Sun Chuan-fang's attempted comeback in the summer of 1927 when his army almost retook Nanking. When Sun's army was disastrously defeated its remnants retreated into southern Shantung, where, again with Japanese help, it was reorganized. One should say that Sun Chuan-fang, while he held Chekiang, Kiangsu, and Anhui provinces, had the option of throwing his lot with the Nationalist cause or of joining the northern militarists headed by Chang Tso-lin. Japan's influence is credited with affecting Sun's decision at that juncture.

The year 1928 opened with this situation. Chang Tso-lin held Peking and Chihli (now Hopei) Province, and, of course, Manchuria. Chang Chung-chang held most of Shantung and part of Honan, with Sun Chuan-fang's small army as a first line of defense to an advance of the Nationalists along the Tientsin-Pukou Railway.

The Nationalists, whose capital now was at Nanking, had by dint of propaganda and persistent work brought Feng Yu-hsiang and Yen Hsi-shan into their fold. Feng had recovered from his defeat in 1926 and was established rather firmly in western Honan. Wu Pei-fu had passed into oblivion.

After much negotiation Feng and Yen agreed that Chiang Kai-shek should be commander-in-chief of the National armies, which were divided into four "groups." Chiang Kai-shek led the first army, Feng commanded the second army, Yen commanded the third army, and one of the Kiangsi generals at Hankow commanded the fourth army. Anti-Nationalist propaganda in China predicted that those groups would not hold together, but, like so many things about the Nationalist movement which are inexplicable to some people, they did hold together until the successful finish of the campaign.

Evening Before Rain

By L. A. G. STRONG

Walking at last by the tame little edge of the sea
I have found a quieter haven and rest for my thought
Than any I called to my comfort, the time I crept
Watchfully through those fields there in dread of the bull.

The bull broke loose and tore up my neighbor's garden.
Four men went out with a rope, but they have not caught
him.

He is roaming the fields, yet I am already rested
Looking across the quiet water to the Isle of Skye.

The sea is pale as a sheet, the dark island
Mottled with tiny fields, touch-close, clear;
A silence has fallen over the rocks and sea-birds
Who will soon be listening to the tingle and whisper of the
rain.

My fear has gone, I can scarcely remember it.
There is a magic in this hour that calms behavior.
I am going back in the stillness, and if he is abroad
The gray bull will browse, his back to me, when I go by.

Padlocking the "Talkies"

By JAMES N. ROSENBERG

THE censor's power to muzzle the talkless movie has been established in this country by statute and court decision. The Censor and the Talking Movie is my present theme. Can the censors throttle speech via the talking movie as they are permitted to muzzle the film without vocal accompaniment? This is no academic subject, for the Pennsylvania censors have already asserted such power.

Dare they do so in the face of our federal Bill of Rights which disposed of the matter for all time by declaring that "Congress shall make no law abridging freedom of speech or of the press"? Can speech be stifled in the face of the constitutional safeguards written into the constitution of every State of the Union? By what authority do the Pennsylvania censors presume to apply the now popular padlock principle of government to speech, whether between man and man face to face, over the telephone or the radio, or via the talking movie? By the best and most august authority, the Supreme Court of the United States. Read the Mutual Film cases in Volume 236 of the United States Supreme Court Reports decided in 1915.

But before I discuss these cases, definition and a dip into history become useful. What, precisely, is censorship? Ernst and Seagle in their path-finding book "To the Pure . . ." use the word in its wider and looser sense. They include all action whether by government or other agencies, and whether repressive by padlock in advance, or punitive after the event. This is inexact and leads to confusion of thought, for the difference between punishment for an act already done and the doctrine of "Thou Shalt Not" is no mere difference of tweedledum and tweedledee. Webster describes the censor as "one who is empowered . . . to forbid publication." From Blackstone's days censorship has continuously been defined as "previous restraint."

Our Bill of Rights and our State constitutions left us free to publish what we would and face the consequences whether it were a libel suit or prison for incitement to riot and bloodshed. Their virtue was that they preserved us from the padlock. This was what the Fathers meant when they wrote into our Constitution that "Congress shall make no law abridging freedom of speech or of the press." A single quotation will prove my point. In 1907 the Supreme Court (in *Paterson vs. Colorado*) declared that "the main purpose of such constitutional provisions is to prevent all such previous restraints on publication as had been practiced by other governments. They do not prevent subsequent punishment of such statements as may be contrary to the public welfare." The learned justices who wrote those words were not only sound constitutional lawyers. They were good historians. They knew their "Areopagitica." They had heard of the Inquisition; the Index Librorum Prohibitorum; the Star Chamber; the Napoleonic censorship; the slowly won liberty of speech in England; the fatal result of the muzzle.

Then came the movies. If Gutenberg's hand press struck terror into the wielders of authority, it is not difficult to comprehend that in order to control movies, which contain untold power of regimenting public opinion, the forces of virtue girded their modest loins. The mothers of

America, led by Canon Chase, gathered for battle. It is true that for a while they made little headway. In 1912 Mayor Gaynor of New York denounced and vetoed a New York City censorship ordinance, saying: "Ours is a government of free speech and free press. This is the cornerstone of free government." But such outworn mouthings of Patrick Henry, of Jefferson, Madison, Franklin belonged to the high-school debate rather than the forum of life. In 1913 an Ohio moving-picture censorship bill was enacted. Other States followed suit. It was in 1915 when German spies, packed with poisonous propaganda, lurked in every American areaway that the Supreme Court of the United States was called on to decide whether an Ohio statute providing for censorship (i. e., previous restraint) over the movies was constitutional. Though the Ohio State constitution guarantees against censorship by declaring that "every citizen may freely speak, write, and publish . . . on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right," the Supreme Court held that the police power which is exercised in granting licenses to theaters (chiefly in relation to fire hazards) justified censorship over the movie, and so sustained the statute; and at the very same term of court a similar Kansas statute, giving the censors power to suppress even the news reel, was likewise held constitutional.

These decisions the Supreme Court predicated largely on the theory that the moving picture is a mere spectacle. Counsel for the film companies urged expertly that censorship contravenes the constitutional safeguards. They pointed out that moving pictures are displayed not only for entertainment but as "exponents of policies, teachers of science and history." The only answer of the Supreme Court was that since, according to the statute, "Films of a 'moral, educational, or amusing and harmless character shall be passed and approved'" "No exhibition, therefore . . . will be prevented if its pictures have those qualities." That the determination of these qualities was left in advance to the decision of a censor, the Court refused to consider as an infraction of the constitutional safeguard. Its declaration, made only eight years earlier, that the purpose of the constitutional provision was to prevent all previous restraint, the Court held inapplicable to the mere spectacle. Thus in 1915 the principle of previous restraint was for the first time adopted as a part of American jurisprudence. The Court, after declaring that freedom of speech was "too certain to need discussion," disposed of the nice problems involved by saying, "the argument is wrong or strained which extends the guaranties of free speech to the multitudinous shows which are advertised on the bill-boards of our cities . . . the common sense of the country is against the contention." Thus through war-time decision, not only were "Dr. Caligari" and "The Covered Wagon" subjected to censorship as mere spectacles, but even the daily news reel with its pictures and text was relegated to the same category. Other courts soon followed suit. The New York Court of Appeals (Justice Cardozo not sitting) acquiesced.

Behold the result. Film censorship was attempted in thirty States, was actually put through in seven, operates in over thirty cities by process of municipal ordinance, and

the Battalions of the Blue Menace have made six tremendous assaults on Congress for national censorship; assaults defeated only by the single-handed opposition of Calvin Coolidge—who while Governor of Massachusetts vetoed a censorship bill on “constitutional grounds.”

And how does all this relate to the talking movie? The present censorship statutes and ordinances on their face are broad enough to cover any kind of movie; the accompaniment of the voice does not preclude the censor from presuming, under the express language of the statutes, to rule over and suppress them. The Pennsylvania censor has firmly announced he has such authority. Here, then, is a nice question which must some day come before our Supreme Court. If a silent news reel, including its printed matter, may constitutionally be made subject to the censor's “previous restraint,” why not a news reel with words? Why not a speech of Al Smith or Herbert Hoover? And if the talking movie is to be subject to censorship, what has become of our constitutional safeguard that “Congress shall make no law abridging freedom of speech”? Is speech, when mechanically reproduced in its every accent and intonation, no longer speech? If not, what is it?

The censor is an official of the government. Is it to be assumed that he will favor free speech for those who

would criticize or ridicule that particular government of which that particular censor is a part? Despite his exalted office, the censor remains a mere man. Can we expect him to aim the gun at his own breast? Or to permit the talking films to become a means of attacking his boss.

Let us hope that when this riddle comes before the Supreme Court the creed of the Star Chamber will not prevail. Let me suggest to the movie kings that Calvin Coolidge is the man they ought to engage as counsel for that argument. His is a consistent record and a good one. I should like to have a hand in writing the brief. It will be a *cause célèbre*. Speech by movie (and its sister, the radio) bids fair to become, if it has not already developed, into one of the mightiest weapons in the world for molding thought, emotion, and passion.

“The previous restraint.” The Fathers got rid of it because history taught it to be the tyrant's surest weapon. Have the lessons of history become worthless because speech and the press now reach millions instead of thousands? Or do those lessons thereby gain increased vitality? Is freedom of speech and thought so heady a drink that it ought to come within the purview of the Volstead Act and the padlock? So at least think the good ladies who put through censorship to protect their offspring.

Advice to a Prospective Teacher

By GEORGE WILLIAMS

MY DEAR HARRISON:

I HAVE before me your letter asking advice. You write that you would like to become a teacher of college English, since it would give you the opportunity to make living and real to others the works of the great English masters; that you would appreciate information which would aid you in accomplishing your desire.

To begin with, as a teacher you must have a Master of Arts, in addition to a Bachelor of Arts degree. I should recommend some first-class Eastern or Midwestern university. At a smaller college expenses may be less, but you will work just as hard, and your degree will not have the prestige that one from a large institution conveys. It will cost you approximately \$1,000, an amount you should possess before you start (borrow it, if necessary), since earning your living and studying in the graduate school, as I have found, are entirely incompatible with the best achievement. Then, with your master's degree, you can probably obtain a position paying \$1,600 or \$1,700 a year.

But don't think that you have begun to mount the ladder of teaching success; you have not yet reached the first rung. As soon as you are a *Master* of Arts, your superiors will inform you that you can advance neither professionally nor financially without a doctor-of-philosophy degree. Your money is gone, you reply; what are you to do? That is your affair, you are told; get a Ph.D. or get out. Well, you can attend summer school. All the large universities offer summer courses, and while the instruction is, in most cases, inferior to that of the winter terms, time spent thus is better than time spent in private study (for you are at least earning credits) or in doing some uncongenial type of mental or physical labor. In the meantime, you must be saving your money for your “year off,” the year when you

will show that you possess a reading knowledge of French, German, and Latin; that you have mastered Anglo-Saxon, Old German, Old French, Icelandic, and the whole range of English and American literature; and that you are capable of writing, in from 50,000 to 120,000 words, the results of some philological investigation or literary research—your thesis. All in all, your Ph.D. will have cost you \$6,000, and your reward will be the title of Assistant Professor of English at a salary of \$2,300. You will be, then, about thirty-five years old.

In the meantime, what of your teaching? What of that yearning to make the great world-writers “real and alive” to the younger generation? Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and the others will, indeed, furnish mental pabulum, but only for you. In the classroom you will speak of commas and semicolons, of restrictive and non-restrictive clauses, of “so-faults” and of “and-which” constructions. For you are not a teacher of literature; you are a teacher of composition—three to five sections—and you will have 100 to 175 300- to 500-word themes to read every week. You will soon tire, too, of the few far-fetched occasions when you can make a reference to “The Lady of Shalott” or “To a Skylark” or the “Ode on a Grecian Urn.” With the acquisition of your Ph.D., your composition sections will be cut to two or three, and you will be allowed to offer a course in your beloved Tennyson-Browning-Arnold, if you have made these writers your “field” in the graduate school.

You, with your Ph.D., are now on the first rung of the teaching ladder. After two or three years, you are still in the same position. Why are you not being advanced? Your superiors will tell you that you are not publishing anything. You immediately write and publish a series of articles dealing with the teaching of English (articles which pay nothing

ing financially, and which add nothing to, if, indeed, they do not detract from your teaching reputation). And you suddenly find within you a certain lyrical vein, which, when mined, gives you twenty or thirty beautiful sonnets and short lyrics, not quite beautiful enough to appear in the "paying" magazines, but beautiful enough to be welcomed by the poetry journals that pay in "prizes" and subscriptions. For some reason, you have lost that youthful desire to create short stories, and to finish, perhaps even to begin, the novel you once planned to write. The academic atmosphere is not conducive to creative writing. By the time you have read the weekly average of 40,000 words in student long-hand, by the time you have made your class-preparations and have thought out new plans and methods for revivifying the deadly composition meetings, your mind desires passive recreation in the form of some stimulating reading, not renewed activity in artistic literary creation. Also, the academic life is not the life from which come the great modern masterpieces, or even interesting, readable literary productions. The teacher of literature is experiencing life vicariously, through the eyes and through the words of those who have lived life at first hand and have written of it and who have not had to absorb millions of words by immature minds in the course of a year. All of the teachers of English in this generation who have become successful in writing readable and potentially enduring creative literature could easily be gathered, without danger of overcrowding, in the smoking room of a Pullman car.

With your twelve or fifteen educational articles, your twenty or thirty poems, you send in a list of your "publications" to your superiors. And they tell you that still you have not published anything; that anyone can write articles dealing with teaching problems (which is true), that creative writing in any form, unless it bring national reputation, can not be considered "publishing" in the eyes of the university. You must do research. So, for ten or twelve years you spend from \$300 to \$600 a year visiting Chicago, Washington, New York, Boston, and London, in order to make use of the library facilities in each city. You write research articles, tracing the definite article "the" through its ramifications in the eighteenth century, or assigning, with scientific accuracy, the day, month, and year on which each of Bacon's fifty-eight essays was written; you publish a scholarly monograph on the ablative case in Latin, and announce that you have almost enough material ready for a similar monograph on the Latin ablative absolute. Or, if your field is the nineteenth century, and some one has shown that Godwin influenced Shelley's ideas to a great extent, you prove that Godwin's influence on Shelley's ideas is entirely negligible; if it is commonly believed that Tennyson was profoundly disturbed by the tendencies of his age, you show, with convincing logic, that it was the tendencies of the age which were profoundly disturbed by Tennyson. And so on. The philological journals are glad to get your research articles and pay you with complimentary copies of the magazine. For the \$300 to \$600 you spend in the summer doing research, the university increases your salary \$100 a year. Your reward is coming at last. By the time you are forty-five or fifty, you are an associate professor with a salary of \$2,700 or \$3,000. And at fifty or fifty-five, if you have managed to include two or three books in your publications, you are promoted to professor of English, relieved of all composition work, and given a salary of \$3,000 or \$3,400.

Your life, then, will have been an exceedingly busy one.

I do not believe that you can afford to marry. The first years of your teaching you will scarcely earn enough to support yourself and pay your expenses in summer school, in addition to putting aside a few dollars each year for your "year off." You cannot count upon a Sabbatical year, with half-pay, for instructors usually are not accorded Sabbatical privileges, and you can scarcely hope for an assistant professorship before acquiring a Ph.D. Scholarships, fellowships, and loan funds are at best uncertain sources, and often embody undesirable conditions by which the student should not be hampered. Even with your Ph.D. salary, I doubt if there is enough for two people to live comfortably and happily on. You will scarcely be in a financial position to marry before you are forty or forty-five. By then you may have lost the inclination; you may feel that you can no longer make the personal adjustments which marriage demands; or you will have fallen in love so deeply with your mistress, literature, and her child, research, that you will be unable to sacrifice this interest for any one.

If you do marry early, you will probably succeed just as well in the end, but the price you will pay for that success will be immeasurably great. "Love," my married colleagues say, "overcomes all difficulties," but I often wonder! Married, you will have to "skimp" twice as much to save half the money that you did before. And wife will have to work bitterly hard, doing her and your washing and ironing, mending and sewing, cooking and housework. And you will groan and curse, impotently, but the authorities above you will answer by saying, do graduate work, then research, *research*, RESEARCH! There will be babies; there usually are, no matter how carefully a young married couple plans. Then, when you have saved the sum for your year off, if, indeed, you ever do, you will go to the graduate school, and live for a year or more, with your wife, and a baby or two, in a couple of rooms which must serve as kitchen, dining-room, bedroom, nursery, study, and library. Unmarried, you will be able to maintain yourself, modestly but without danger of starvation; you will be able to do some traveling, including, perhaps, two or three trips to the Continent and to England, the country whose literature you teach; you will be able to enjoy occasionally—and from orchestra seats—the theater, the opera, and music; you will be able to build up a library without feeling that you are robbing your children of a possible college education. Perhaps I am wrong on all this; perhaps marriage, a loving, constant wife, affectionate children, more than compensate for all sacrifices made. I do not know. I have never felt that I was in a position to marry and find out.

You are thinking that I have painted only the dark side of teaching college English, that there must be a bright side. There are, indeed, certain advantages. Your hours of work are virtually your own; you are not under an eight-to-five regime; you can postpone work to the evening, to the next day, sometimes for several days. You have leisure for reading, perhaps the most desirable advantage of the situation, and leisure for writing if you can overcome the inertia imposed by enervating academic conditions. Sometimes, but not often, your leisure is destroyed by some additional work imposed by the university which even a stupid stenographer could do just as well. You are constantly in contact with minds on the threshold of developing, minds seeking for satisfactory nourishment, and one of the teacher's great personal satisfactions is his feeling, rightly or wrongly, that he is a great aid and inspiration to his students. When your

years of composition apprenticeship are ended, and you begin to teach the authors near to your heart, this satisfaction is infinitely increased. Also, the teacher who conforms to the "system" and makes research the one great lasting reality of his life finds after a certain span of years that he has developed a genuine enthusiasm for his work; that the search for new truths or old truths reinterpreted, as he phrases it, is worth a man's best years.

And, quite recently, there have arisen two factors, already in force in a number of our larger universities, which will tend more and more to alleviate the financial strain under which a teacher works. One is the "permanency of tenure" rule, by which a teacher, if he shows promise of excellent teaching ability, genuine scholarship, and productive research, is, at the end of a certain period of years, usually four or five, given a permanent contract with his university. If, however, the young teacher fails during this apprenticeship, especially in the last two qualities (the Ph.D., after all, is a training for research, not a training for teaching), he is politely discouraged, and, if this has no effect, he is impolitely discharged. More important than permanency of tenure are old-age pensions. A small percentage of the teacher's salary is withheld annually, and an equal sum is added by the university; then, when the

teacher reaches the age of 65, he is retired, and is given a certain sum each year, sufficient for the necessities of existence. This old-age pension idea suggests two interesting points of view: first, that universities realize teachers are not paid sufficiently to enable them to make their own adequate provision for old age; and, second, that a widely current belief is true, namely, that teachers, with ministers, are the most impractical and gullible of men, and therefore unable to save money.

These, then, seem to me the advantages and disadvantages of teaching college English. These seem to me the price one must pay for the privilege, and the rewards one receives for the service. They seem to me to be true of the average college or university. There will be exceptions, of course, more desirable conditions prevailing in some places, where teaching conditions and salaries are especially good, less desirable conditions prevailing in other places. But no one, unless financially independent, should enter the field of college English, without a reservoir of enthusiasm and energy which can supply a broadly flowing river for thirty years.

Your desire to become a college teacher of English is an honest and a laudable one. But my best advice to you, present conditions considered, is Don't.

How to Win Free Speech

By RUBEN LEVIN

THERE is a lesson for the free-speech fighters of the country in an episode that agitated Dallas lately and that acquired almost a national interest. That lesson is: do not become aroused over restrictions upon soap-box liberty, do not rake the thesaurus to call the censors names, do not parade the city or picket the authorities with self-righteous posters. Instead, make a laughing-stock of the proscribers of free speech, of those who seem to dread criticism of established institutions.

The Dallas loyalists began their noble work of defending the government against destruction when they revoked permission granted Ben Gitlow, Communist candidate for Vice-President in the recent campaign, to speak in the city-hall auditorium. Hitherto the auditorium had been allowed to anyone, of whatever shade of opinion, of whatever religious or economic quackery, provided the \$5 rental fee was paid. It was the only available hall for public meetings, and it was commonly assumed to be open, without partiality, to anybody who applied. But no "Red" speaker had ever sought use of the auditorium before this time, for communism has been a rather vague, foreign, undisturbing idea hereabouts. Even so, Arthur Reinhart, commissioner of public property and custodian of the hall, accepted \$5 from the Workers' Party and gave them permission to congregate in the hall for one night.

But then the American Legion, ever alert to defend American liberty, jumped into the breach. Loudly, publicly, it protested against allowing Mr. Gitlow "to spread his pernicious and un-American doctrines in the city of Dallas." It viewed with alarm the sanction given Gitlow as an "insult to the United States Government and a blot upon the memory of the American soldiers who died in Flanders fields to make the world safe for democracy."

"It would be a dishonor," said the Legion's spokesman, Allan C. Ater, chairman of the central committee, "to the American soldiers in the World War, those dead and those living, especially those who suffered and were maimed, to permit a meeting of the kind advertised."

At once Mr. Reinhart, himself a legionnaire, rescinded the permit. No representative of Moscow, he announced, should be allowed to speak in a Dallas public hall. The City Commission by a majority vote upheld him.

The incident might have ended there, except for a few outcries from the handful of local Communists, had not Richard Potts, the town philosopher, scholar, and wit, and editor of the *Common Herd*, "The only Rationalist magazine in Texas," come forth to the undoing of the Legion and the city commissioners.

With all seriousness, he advanced upon the city hall and asked for a permit to use the assembly room for an "open forum." It was granted, as he delivered himself of \$5. The next day he announced to the press of the city that the "Royalist League of America" was to hold a mass meeting the following Sunday (five days later) in the auditorium. He styled himself secretary-general of the league. He issued a manifesto, as follows:

All citizens who are tired of our so-called democracy, who believe in a paternal government and the rule of a wise and judicious monarch, and who believe the time has come when we should begin active propaganda for the overthrow of this so-called republican government and for the establishment of a benevolent despotism in this country are invited to come and hear an address by an eminent exponent of the benefits of monarchical government over any democracy such as exists today in the United States of America.

As he had hoped, the Legion again leaped forward on behalf of 100 per cent Americanism. Mr. Ater announced weightily:

The Legion does not wish to shackle free speech, but it does think it improper for the city government to encourage movements aimed at the destruction of democracy by permitting its representatives to speak at the city auditorium. The Legion is opposed to any movement to overthrow democracy, for the legionnaires fought in the days of 1917 and 1918 to deliver democracy from the oppression of a German monarchy.

Annoyed at having been taken in by the "open forum," Reinhart quickly seconded Ater, announcing: "There is no room in America for people of that kind and their talk. Let them go to Russia and talk for a monarch. . . . The man who shot McKinley said on the scaffold with the rope around his neck that he had heard Emma Goldman preach communism. If she had not been allowed to speak, President McKinley would not have been killed."

The same day the American Civil Liberties Union wired Potts: "Congratulations on recognition of free speech and assembly. Will you join us in an effort to extend the same rights for Communists whose vice-presidential candidate was denied the use of the city-hall auditorium? Who is your candidate for king?"

Potts replied: "Will cooperate with you in securing hearing for Gitlow and Communists, or even for Dr. Straton and fundamentalists, provided I do not have to hear the latter. American Legion wants Mussolini, but my personal candidate for king is George Bernard Shaw with Will Rogers for vice-king."

But the Civil Liberties Union's relief was not needed. Potts sought his own. He applied for a writ of mandamus requiring the City Commission to remove all obstructions to the scheduled royalist meeting, not only on his own behalf but for "all those persons who desire the bona fide compliance of the city government with the Constitution of the United States and of Texas relative to freedom of speech."

"Such action [the revocation of the permit]," Potts set forth, "is designed and intended indirectly to establish the practice of censoring the words and thoughts of prospective speakers, so that the freedom of speech will be made a mere mockery, and the said auditorium used only by those whose words have been censored and approved by said defendants."

Potts lost the legal battle but he won a moral victory. Judge Towne Young in the Forty-fourth District Court denied Potts his writ on the ground that Reinhart, as custodian of the hall, had complete authority over the room, but he added: "If it were I, I would permit any person to speak there on any subject he chose."

Before the trial was at an end Potts had captured the chuckles, the applause, and the sympathy of the city, and had succeeded in throwing the city commissioners and the legionnaires into great discomfiture. The newspapers unanimously supported Potts in editorials, and after the legal fight was over Colonel William E. Easterwood, Jr., commander of another Legion post, finally came out publicly in favor of "free speech for nonconformist groups."

And to top it all, a Socialist, Lee L. Rhodes, candidate for Governor of Texas, applied for the use of the hall. Reinhart no longer dared deny the application, though he muttered weakly, "there are 3,000 street corners in the city for men such as these; there are as many soap-boxes."

Potts had won, and then he had his laugh. He disclosed the awful truth about the "Royalist League":

I really was not going to speak. I was only going to read a tirade on democracy, describe it as weak and distracted, and then advocate a benevolent monarch. I intended to say that I believe the British government formed the best model the world ever produced and then refer to the democratic system as imprudent. If not arrested by this time I would have gone further, and when I had completed I intended to tell the audience that the talk was not original, but that I had been quoting verbatim from the address of Alexander Hamilton, founder of the Republican Party, in his speech before the constitutional convention.

In the Driftway

SOONER or later the rule was bound to be challenged anyhow. The sinking of the Vestris merely hurries the issue along. Our feminists can hardly fail to see in the catastrophe a new point of attack—to use it as the beginning of a campaign against the ancient chivalry of the sea which is crystallized in the slogan "Women and children first." On the Vestris this rule sent the women and children to death, and has come in for some little public criticism on that account. The feminists, of course, will not base their opposition on any such reason. On the contrary, they will attack the rule on the ground that it doesn't give them a fair chance to drown. Their slogan henceforth will be: "Equal rights with men in Davy Jones's locker."

* * * * *

FOR the Drifter, who regards himself as something both of a sailor and a feminist, the controversy presents a dilemma. The Drifter is a feminist within reason. He agrees with the feminists consistently when they are right; and naturally he determines that point. He is a sailor a good bit beyond reason, for nobody would be a sailor at all if he were to confine himself to reason. But to get back to the rule "Women and children first." Let's take the children out of the discussion at once. Probably even the most virulent feminist would agree that in a moment of danger they should receive special consideration. The argument is whether women should. The Drifter is ready to admit that most of what we call chivalry toward the "weaker sex" is hocus-pocus and ought to go overboard. But in a shipwreck somebody must have the first—and generally the best—chance. If not the women—who then? Some may say that the most valuable persons should be saved first. But that would eliminate the children and the aged, the former because society has spent less on them and they are not yet productive; the latter because they have outlived their productivity. But even if we were to accept this gruesome philosophy, who would pick the fittest among the remaining passengers? The captain would be too busy, and if the job were left to the stewards they might be unduly influenced by prospective or already-garnered tips. The only way would be to include an intelligence test with the issuance of every passport, and assign precedence in the lifeboats accordingly. To this the Drifter would most emphatically object. It would take all the joy out of a sea trip to know that in case of accident he would be the last one over the ship's side.

IT'S highly unlikely that the rule of putting women in the lifeboats first will be abandoned in the discernible future, even if the feminists decide to turn their guns upon it. For one thing, tradition—generally all too strong ashore—is ten times as strong at sea. Customs still survive there out of the Middle Ages which have long been forgotten ashore—such as the virtual serfdom by which a sailor is bound to his ship and the caste distinctions between officers and crew. But there is better backing for giving preference to women in case of accident at sea than mere tradition. Somehow we must manage to preserve, in moments of danger and panic, all the practices of civilized humans that we can—the crude savage reappears all too readily. At such times reason goes by the board. Men and women are guided by their instincts and their habits. Their only hope of decency toward one another lies in those rules of conduct which have been instilled into them from childhood—and into their parents before them. Since all cannot take to the lifeboats at once—or at all—there must be some established and accepted precedence if brute force and anarchy are not to prevail. It has been established in favor of women and there are rational grounds to support it. In spite of all the feminists, the Drifter dares assert that in this day at least women have less brawn than men, are less often swimmers, and are not as able to fend for themselves when cast as wreckage into the sea. But, when possible, the Drifter would modify the rule of "Women and children first" so as not to separate families. As matters stand, husbands are often parted unnecessarily from wives, while it can do small good to save a mother and her children if the father, in another boat—or without one—never reaches land.

* * * * *

IN ANY event, among up-to-date women the Drifter looks for some skulking. Just as, at present, the captain has to keep an occasional fear-crazed man out of a boat by drawing his revolver, so in future he may have to threaten to shoot some ardent feminist whom he finds hiding behind a ventilator in the hope that she may be the last "man" to quit the ship.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

Pure Boston

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Those of us concerned with reawakening Boston to its heritage of free assemblage, free speech, and free press are driven to despond. The denial of that heritage in the past three years is bad enough. Now comes another incident, unheralded, of course. It is simply the treatment accorded that penetrating study of censorship, "To the Pure . . ." by Morris L. Ernst and William Seagle, at the hands of the Boston bookdealers. If ever there was a book made to order in defense of the booksellers, it is this book. The authors even dedicate it to "The Perplexed Booksellers who, under the unknown rules of literary decency, cannot insure themselves against imprisonment, even by reading all the volumes on their shelves."

But what do the Boston booksellers do with the book? They keep it out of sight. Almost timorously the clerks in the various

bookstores where I sought the book confessed that they had it—fearful, it seemed, that I might be an agent of that Boston Watch and Ward Society which is so fairly revealed in all its tyrannical stupidity in the study by Mr. Ernst and Mr. Seagle.

The truth seems to be that Boston is in the grip of fear in all departments of its life—fear stimulated and heightened by the pocket nerve. The booksellers are a pitiable example.

Boston, November 8

GARDNER JACKSON

German Poverty

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an admirable article in yours of November 7, page 484, Arthur Feiler says: "The German people is crowded into a territory which produces neither adequate foodstuffs for the population nor sufficient raw materials for its industry." Again, on page 476, Ignaz Wrobel, in a keen analysis of the Germany of Today, makes this definite statement: "the country is overpopulated."

Compared with almost any European neighbor, with the possible exception of France, Germany is not by any means overpopulated. She still has 185,889 square miles of territory, and only 62,500,000 inhabitants, or about 328 persons to the square mile (say, one family to each eight acres). Belgium has 648 inhabitants to the square mile, Holland 563.3, and Italy 329. None of these countries raises all the foodstuffs for its population, or produces anywhere nearly sufficient raw materials for its industries. As Mr. Feiler says of Germany, their "wealth is in the willingness and capacity of their people to work."

If decreasing population caused national prosperity, then Ireland should be one of the wealthiest countries of Europe today, for her population has dropped from 9,000,000 in 1846 to less than 5,000,000 in 1926. If the overpopulation theory were correct, there would be no poverty and want in Ireland now. But Irish poverty persists. Spain has only 108 inhabitants to the square mile to Holland's 563 (or to Germany's 328); Spain has the better natural resources; but in which country is the wealth more abundant? The degree of wealth of any country is not dependent upon the number of its inhabitants, but upon the freedom of access to resources by its inhabitants. Germany's drawbacks are not due to natural disabilities, or "overpopulation," but to laws which restrict labor's access to natural opportunities, and also hamper the interchange of labor products with the rest of the world.

Some of these hampering trade laws are of Germany's own making, and some are imposed by other countries. But for the laws which allow land to be held out of use, or only put into use after an exorbitant price has been paid for the privilege, Germany is herself responsible, like every other country in the like case.

New York, November 13

BOLTON HALL

Now Is the Time

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to express myself as heartily in accord with your statement, in the editorial Hoover Wins, to the effect that now is the time "for a union of forces to create a truly liberal party." It is surely the more timely in that the liberals have so long had to accept the half-hearted reforms of the leading opposition, and to no avail. Most liberals are waiting only for someone to cry "Now is the time for all good men"—and to follow the leader who is willing to make himself the prophet of the new liberalism. Let us hear more on the subject. The times are ripe, and need but a man who has no ear for Republican silver or eye for Democratic ribands.

Cambridge, November 19

CHARLES E. PETTEE

**KOVINSKY**

This pasty-faced little bantam was dressed
In a wall-paper suit
And a bar-tender's vest.
He was full of himself.
He scowled when he talked.
If you tied his elbows,
He couldn't have walked.
He stuck out his chest:
He sucked in his thought
And gathered he thought
He was just the nuts!

**HERMAN'S BAR**

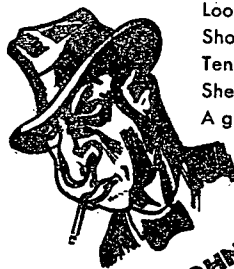
Herman's bar:
A joint for sneaks,
Tin-horn sports
And gutter sheiks.
Dingy,
Grimy:
Dirty, dark,
Slimy.
Stale beer,
Dead butts:
The place stank
To turn your guts

**HERMAN**

Behind the bar,
Herman:
Pompous,
German.
Huge:
An ox:
Six foot four in his socks.
Square head:
Face red,
Pitted with small-pox.
Lumpy nose.
Under it curled
A black moustache with the ends twirled.
And down on his damp forehead sat
One black curl
Pasted flat.

**MAC PHAIL**

The bird with him was Ed MacPhail.
He looked liked something
Lost in the mail:
Dirty, battered, fringed:
Tattered,
Yellow tinged.
Pig's eyes, close together.
Skin like rusty shoe-leather.
Yellow teeth.
Hair like straw.
A rat-trap mouth,
And a lantern jaw..
Dour:
Sour:
A rare Scotch flower

**COHN**

Grey complexion.
Loose skin.
Nose like a beak.
No chin.
Grey bulging eyes:
Cold, glossy, wise.
His mouth was red,
Puffy, slack,
With one of the corners hooked back.
Out of this corner drooped a wet
Smouldering Turkish cigarette.
Diamond horse-shoe stuck in his tie.
Derby cocked over one eye.
Cheop:
Shabby:
Dirty looking:
Flabby.

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**GRAY**

Pansy stared at what he saw:
Bull neck;
He-Man jaw:
Mouth like a slot;
Nose flat:
Green eyes,
Like an alley cat.
From just the little
There was to be seen,
Gray looked aggressive—
And he looked mean.

**THE TARTS**

In the opposite corner slumped a pair
Of heavy tarts with bleached hair.
Open fur coats displayed
Threadbare linings
Ripped,
Frayed.
Thin summer frocks with blue
Underwear showing through.
Big breasts.
Wide hips.
Loose mouths with red lips.
Short skirts: crossed knees.
Ten inches above these,
Sheer stockings ended in
A glimpse of garter and white skin.

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Appreciation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to congratulate you most cordially on the splendid service you have rendered the American people by the special "German Republic" edition of *The Nation*.

I somehow find it impossible to get out of my mind the clear conviction that the human family can look forward now to a brighter future than it has ever enjoyed in the past, provided there are no more world wars. But if—and I say this after two years of service with combat outfits in the World War—there is to be another war of world scope, the human family might just as well not look forward at all. The best way to avoid such catastrophes is not by federal appropriations for bigger and better guns, but through the channels of that high type of intelligence that is based on understanding. To bring about this understanding you have rendered a gallant service in the 3305th number of your weekly. I most sincerely hope that this will not be the last time you issue a number of this sort; for real peace is still some distance off.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

Morgantown, West Virginia, November 6

Southern Gloom

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Although of Southern and slave-holding descent, and the editor for thirty years of a Democratic, Jim Reed, country weekly in the very fastness of the Missouri Bible Belt, with a complex on political Protestantism almost as violent as that of Mr. Mencken himself, I, like *The Nation*, have looked forward eagerly to the day when the Solid South would be broken—but I wanted the cleavage to come on economic issues, with a promise of genuine political realignment. That hope, you know, and I know, and every intelligent man knows, has not been realized in the present break. Faced candidly, it was brought about by religious hate and a stupid fear. In Texas a moronic Baptist clergy and pew did the work—preachers pick off objectionable citizens from the pulpit with automatics down there and are acquitted by prayerful juries—and in Virginia the Methodist hierarchy, grown both corrupt and arrogant, did the job. Also in North Carolina, where the senile but still cunning Senator Simmons strove diligently and successfully to pay the possible debt he owed a Republican administration. Add to these the scurrility and the stupid fear aroused among the ignorant by the night-gown boys following Senator Heflin in his march on Rome, and you have summed up the reasons why the Solid South broke. Better far had it remained benighted for another half a century.

Paris, Missouri, November 9

T. V. BODINE

Southern Defense

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: 1. You say that Hoover owes his success to Prejudice, Bigotry, Superstition, Intolerance, Hate, Selfishness, Snobbery, and Passion. These things—all of them—I have fought all my life, and I have fought them when it cost something. This warfare is nothing new to me. I loathe these things with a profound nausea. The great mass of Texans who voted for Hoover were not guided by these unworthy motives. There was a noisy group played up in the papers to which such considerations did make an appeal, but they were not representative. I doubt whether over 7 per cent of the people voted against Governor Smith primarily on account of his church connection.

2. Is there any way of ascertaining how many people

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opposed Governor Smith because he is a Roman Catholic? I think there is. I have found very few persons—not a half dozen—who would have opposed Senator Tom Walsh for the Presidency. I advocated his nomination heartily, and others have again and again expressed themselves in the same way.

3. Five times as much has been said about the religious question by Governor Smith's supporters in Texas as has been said by those favoring Mr. Hoover. For months I have been reading several dailies and attending political meetings of both sides. Sometimes the supporters of Hoover have made no reference to the religious question, and in other instances they have taken it up simply in reply to Smith's supporters who first introduced it. I do not want to bring any charges, but the impression has been made that the opponents of Hoover sought to dwell on the religious issue in order to keep in the background the weakness of their own candidate, so that the impression might go out that opposition to him was due to his religion.

4. Your insult to the Methodist and Baptist churches is of course noted. You are not fair enough to them to give their real grounds for opposing Governor Smith. I have read many pronouncements from these and other religious bodies, and not in one have I seen objection made to Governor Smith's religion. I read weekly several denominational organs, and have found occasional reference to the religious question but comparatively little discussion of it, though for other reasons both editors and contributors have opposed the candidacy of Governor Smith vigorously.

5. Your unfairness is manifested in your failure to say anything about the number who supported Governor Smith on account of his religion. I would not say anything offensive to the Roman Catholic church or to any other religious communion, nor will I attempt to estimate the number of voters whose one reason for voting for Smith was that he is a Roman Catholic. In spite of the fact that Catholic papers urged them to vote for Smith, some Catholics did not.

The great mass of Texans who supported Hoover did so in the face of intimidation, threats to drive them from their party, offensive epithets, deep-seated bias; but instead of commending their independence and idealism *The Nation* has only insults for them.

Lubbock, Texas, November 15

JOHN C. GRANBERY

Correction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my article on The Real Situation in Russia there was one slight error—printers' or typists'—in the account of the exiling of Feodorov. The suggestion that he might go to America came not from the G. P. U. but from the N. T. U., Scientific Technical Administration, a body that plays an increasingly important role in the industrialization of Soviet Russia.

Carmel, Cal., November 16

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International Relations Section

Opium-Smoking in the Far East

By ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

WHAT happened this September at Geneva was right in line with the best traditions of the opium interests. No deviation from their policy of protecting the thing—not for an instant. On the contrary, with their usual foresight, they seem to be laying their plans well in advance so that nothing shall interfere. This time the question switched from drugs to opium itself, and the smoking of opium in the Far East was the problem that occupied the Fifth Committee of the Assembly of the League of Nations. This Fifth Committee deals with the social questions of the League, and has about forty delegates, or one for every country. It always includes, however, that strong, influential, and determined minority which makes up the Opium Committee.

A few weeks before the Assembly opened the press contained short notices of a British proposal to send a commission to the Far East. Among other things, to look into conditions in China. It will be recalled that five years ago the European Powers excused themselves from carrying out their treaty obligations to suppress opium-smoking in their Far Eastern possessions on the pretext that China was to blame. They said Chinese opium was being smuggled into their colonies, and if they stopped the legalized sales through government shops this legal traffic would be supplanted by illicit supplies from China. However, they agreed to review the situation in five year's time, and this proposed Commission of Inquiry was apparently to make the review promised. But the fact that the commission was to go to China, made it look highly suspicious that China was again to be made the excuse for evading treaty obligations and for continuing this profitable trade.

The Council of the League met just previous to the Assembly meeting, and at the Council the Chinese delegate made a disconcerting proposal. If, he said, Chinese opium was considered a menace to European colonies in the East, he would draw attention to the fact that European drugs were a great menace to China. They were being smuggled into China more extensively than Chinese opium was being smuggled into certain colonies. Therefore, if this commission was to be sent to China, he would ask that it be likewise sent to investigate the drug-making countries of Europe. The over-manufacture of drugs in Europe was a tremendous danger to China, and he would like these countries investigated as well as his own. Only on this condition, this basis of equality instead of discrimination, would his Government agree to receive the commission in China.

This logical demand was most unwelcome. The European countries wished no investigation as to their manufacture of drugs—far from it. But they wanted badly to “prove” that China's opium was a menace to their colonies and the reason why they have failed to suppress smoking as agreed to by the Hague Convention, signed some fifteen years ago. Chapter II of that convention calls upon the contracting Powers to take measures for the “gradual and

effective suppression of the use of opium for smoking,” which has not been carried out.

Matters were at this stage when the Fifth Committee began to discuss opium on September 13, 1928. The session opened with a solemn announcement of the need for economy. The League, it seems, had been splashing around rather freely, incurring all sorts of expenses, and this must be stopped. The Fifth Committee was thoroughly impressed with this imperative need, the announcement of which took up a lot of time and was well pounded in.

One wondered what they were aiming at. It soon became clear. It was to defeat the Chinese proposal of a double investigation. A Commission of Inquiry was expensive—its duties would continue for months, with traveling expenses and other costs. Therefore it soon developed that while there would be enough money to investigate China, there would not be enough to investigate the drug-making countries of Europe as well. “Economy” stepped in to prevent that. Whereupon the Chinese delegate said he was sorry, but under those conditions the commission could not go to China. The time had gone by when China would accept inequality of treatment.

At which announcement the British delegate naively remarked that in that case the value of the investigation would fall to the ground.

However, they soon thought of something else, since “conditions in China” was not available as an excuse for evading treaty obligations. This other was the Philippines. The Dutch delegate proposed that the commission be sent to the Philippines to see how prohibition of opium worked—the United States Government does not sell opium in licensed shops and divans for the sake of revenue, and the Dutch delegate was anxious to see how far it had been possible to prevent smuggling from the mainland. [If there is a great deal of smuggling into the Philippines, the commission may “prove” that it is better for governments to sell opium rather than smugglers.]

At this point a plump cat escaped from the bag. We of the audience had long been wondering what was back of this Commission of Inquiry, why the British, spokesmen and sponsors, had been pressing for it so insistently and persistently. On the face of it, it seemed innocuous, and indeed rather valuable. But why, then, should the British be so anxious to have a record of conditions in the Far East, which they must know thoroughly themselves? The audience, even members of that guileless Fifth Committee itself, began to search into old records and look into documents issued years ago. And they found this:

In the protocol of the agreement of the First Opium Conference, signed at Geneva in February 1925, Article III:

A commission to be appointed at the proper time by the Council of the League of Nations. . . . *The Decision of the Commission to be Final.*

In other words, should this commission report that it is impossible to stop opium-smoking in the Far East—on whatever pretext—there can be no appeal from its decision.

Light then began to filter in upon the members of the Fifth Committee. And in the course of a heated debate whether to approve this commission and ask that it be appointed, still further light was shed. The more the British pleaded that they were just straining at the leash and wild to carry out their treaty obligations but couldn't

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do so till this commission had reported, the more the Fifth Committee began to see daylight, to remember these ominous words, "the decision of the commission shall be final."

And then the British delegate made this significant admission: "What we really want is independent proof of our inability to carry out our obligations arising from the Hague Convention."

After a three days' debate a vote was finally taken as to whether or not this commission should be asked for. China was the only country with courage to vote No. There were seventeen abstentions, including that of Italy. There were thirteen votes in favor, including the six British, and the measure was carried.

So this Commission of Inquiry, consisting of three members, is to go to the Far East to decide whether or not it is possible to carry out treaty obligations. A heavy responsibility. And the decision of the commission shall be

Contributors to This Issue

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ESTHER FORBES is the author of "A Mirror for Witches."

LAWRENCE ADLER was in charge of the music department of the "floating university."

ELLEN N. LA MOTTE is the author of "The Opium Monopoly," "The Ethics of Opium," and other books.

final. The following table shows the stake which European nations have in the opium traffic in the Far East.

The revenue figures are quoted for the last year for which statistics are available—1925 in most cases, 1927 for the Dutch East Indies. The figures for British Possessions come from blue books and annual reports, the figures for French Indo-China are from the Bureau de l'Indo-Chine Colonial Library, and the rough estimate of Dutch East Indian revenue is from "The Statesman's Year Book." The Sarawak estimate is in Sarawak dollars, about fifty-six cents in United States currency. The figures from North Borneo are in British pounds, from French Indo-China in francs, and from the Dutch East Indies in guilders. Other revenue figures are in American dollars.

Name of Settlement	Total Revenue	Opium Revenue	Per cent
<i>British Possessions</i>			
Straits Settlements.	53,850,960	13,216,892	29.5
Hong Kong	21,131,581	2,831,305	13.3
Fed'd Malay States.	86,564,279	12,559,349	14.5
Johore	15,884,592	4,429,720	27.9
Kelantan	1,804,180	458,411	25.4
Trengannu	1,007,282	247,806	24.6
Kedah	5,970,148	1,993,843	33.4
Perlis	470,616	185,882	39.5
Sarawak	6,357,835	1,560,996	24.5
State of Brunei	315,261	65,615	20.8
North Borneo	433,927	156,760	36.1
<i>French Indo-China..</i>	<i>78,173,329</i>	<i>12,198,341</i>	<i>15.6</i>
<i>Netherlands East Indies</i>			
	701,093,925	36,000,000	5.1

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The Continental Book Flood

By CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

NOT very many years ago the typical American book publisher regarded with a fishy eye the notion of translations from the European literatures. There was no more money in translations then than (with a gesture of apology to Miss Parker, Mr. Benét, and Miss Millay) there is in poetry now. The foreign productions presented to the public generally had to possess intimations of pornography. It was thus, and thus only, that Zola and Balzac and Maupassant quickly found their way into conservative American book-cases. Today all this is changed. The publishing season we are now passing through has witnessed a veritable flood of translations—and not merely from the French and German, as in former years, but from practically every European tongue, including the Finnish and the Albanian. Once Mr. Knopf stood practically alone in his valiant cosmopolitanism; but all can grow the flower now that he has sown the seed. There is hardly a publisher's list that does not boast two or three translations; and the larger firms announce anywhere from three to twenty-five of them. Many houses employ special European agents, and there are few, even among the most modest, who do not send over a representative for an annual trip. Hardly has a novelist won one of the innumerable prizes which form one of the most exciting of French institutions than the book is contracted for over here. In the domestic editorial sancta the catalogues of a hundred foreign publishers are gone over with a fine-toothed comb. The larger establishments often employ readers, whose sole duty is to read and report on foreign books, not only books of fiction but biography, travel, memoirs, history, philosophy, and the fine and decorative arts. The publishers often do not wait until a foreign writer has achieved some reputation in his own country, but seize upon him while he is still young and tender and an unknown quantity.

The immediate cause of this astonishing development in the history of the American book trade is not far to seek. One can find it in the enormous successes of a few writers such as Ibañez, Wassermann, Hamsun, Ludwig, and Maurois. Publishers are, on the whole, an optimistic lot, being of the opinion that lightning often strikes twice in the same place. They subscribe to the belief that there is such an entity as a "Ludwig audience" or a "Maurois audience" and that if they can only discover another Ludwig or another Maurois they will be able to make a profitable substitution. But Maurois, Ludwig, et al., have only been the most brilliant successes; modest fortunes have been made by investments in much smaller fry. During the past few seasons, for example, noteworthy sales have been achieved of Feuchtwanger's "The Ugly Duchess" and "Power," Salten's "Bambi," Julian Green's "The Closed Garden," Bedel's "The Latitude of Love," Schnitzler's "Fräulein Else" and "Theresa," Bonsel's "An Indian Journey," Neumann's "The Devil," Pirandello's plays, Pourtales's "Chopin" and "Liszt," and, to sink to a lower level, Dekobra's "Madonna of the Sleeping Cars." Enough individual successes have been registered to encourage the publishers to further efforts in

the same field. Most of them believe that, even if they fail to hit the bull's-eye within a given season, the policy of translation is in general a far-sighted one because the public, or at least a goodly portion of it, seems to have abandoned its long-standing prejudice against foreign works, so that sales resistance is lowered and the chances for the future correspondingly brighter.

Another and less obvious reason for the increase in translated books is to be discovered in the changing character of American publishing. At present one can discern two main and opposed trends. One, in harmony with the entire current of American industry, is toward combination and quantity production. The recent Doubleday-Doran merger is the first impressive indication of a movement which may, in seventy-five years, leave only five or six gigantic companies in the publishing field, differing from one another, perhaps, in the class of mentality which they serve. The other trend, more immediately apparent, is toward the establishment of numerous small houses, one or two of which have enjoyed conspicuous success. Many of these smaller firms are headed by young men, often of considerable wealth or, at any rate, possessing solid financial backing, who do not have any distinct and ineluctable vocation for book-publishing. They might have been equally successful as bankers, advertising men, or tennis champions. But book-publishing has something in it of the false romance and speculative quality that play-producing has; and so it is beginning to attract the same kind of amateur temperament that succumbs to the lure of the theater. The situation is such that we have on the one hand a large number of publishing firms who take their business as a business and a smaller number who take it not only as a business but as a sport, or an opportunity for organizing a social milieu in which one will meet "interesting people." To the dilettante publisher the foreign field beckons inevitably. In the first place, there is a glamor and a distinction about translations from foreign languages which a plain bread-and-butter American novel apparently lacks. In addition, the dilettante publisher finds competition in the foreign field much less rigorous than in the domestic one. While he may be unable to secure competent American fiction, he can always "complete his list" with a scattering of foreign books which have earned some critical approbation in the lands of their birth and which, therefore, it is no disgrace to publish. He finds the obtaining of such books an easy matter, for European firms are, unfortunately, ignorant of the relative merits of American houses and are inclined to let their books go to anyone that asks for them.

The most fundamental cause, however, of the foreign deluge is the real lack of American books, either of literary quality or with sales possibilities, but particularly the former. As far as the publisher is concerned, there is only one remedy for this situation, and that is to cut down his list. But this he will not do or at any rate he does not do, perhaps because, like most American industrialists, he be-

believes that each year's production should be greater than that of the preceding year, or because he is vain, or because he believes that the more books he publishes the more new authors he will attract, or, finally, because his editorial department is too laxly organized and lets through many volumes which should never be printed. This enormous production does not necessarily mean enormous profits, and certainly it does not mean what every publisher of any standing is eager to acquire, namely, literary acclaim. Accordingly, recourse is had to the foreign field. Even if a Ludwig or a Maurois is not available, at any rate the publisher's list is bolstered up by the inclusion of foreign works which sound as if they might be "literature." With all his business acumen and despite his hard-boiled air, the average American publisher has a deep reverence for the intellectual classes. He is perfectly willing to produce the books of Wyndham Lewis at a loss.

The result of all this is that a great many books are translated which simply do not deserve it. Not only are they of mediocre literary quality but they are entirely devoid of sales pull. They merely crowd an already overcrowded market, confuse booksellers, drive reviewers mad—and never reach an audience anyway. Most of them are fortunate to achieve a total sale of fifteen hundred copies. From them the American reading public learns little. They influence too small a fraction really to be of any value in modifying our literary provincialism. And even in those cases where the books do reach a large audience, they may hardly be said to spread any cosmopolitan enlightenment. On the contrary, the American reading public which devours Keyserling and Ludwig is swallowing authors which the cultivated European taste hardly deigns to notice.

Formerly bookish persons rarely discussed Continental literature because they did not know anything about it. But at least their ignorance prevented them from falling into errors of perspective. Today we juggle with a dozen foreign names as if they were representative of the artistic leadership of Europe when, as a matter of fact, they often represent writers whom Europe has rejected or who have developed tricks particularly calculated to please Americans.

And this brings up the most interesting and unfortunate situation of all. European writers, fired by the success of Ludwig and Maurois, aflame with rumors of enormous royalties, and dizzied by the plenitude of generous book clubs, are beginning to write with the American market in mind. Why not? American publishers are not over-particular. There is always the possibility of highly profitable first- and second-serial rights, which in Europe have very little monetary value. Then, these mad Americans seem willing to be lectured at—at \$500 a lecture. So the European novelist or biographer of competent but not outstanding talent reasons to himself. Consequently, the next ten or fifteen years may witness a partial Americanizing of Continental literary production, paralleling, in a small way, the conquering career of our industrial methods. The American magazine has already become the Mecca of English short-story writers; eventually it and the American publishing house may also become the be-all and the end-all of a great many Continental artists. When this happy result is accomplished, the last American conquest will have been achieved and we will have established a pleasing literary feudalism with ourselves as lords of the manor and our European brothers of the pen playing the part of the willing, because well-paid, serfs.

What Ails the Metropolitan Museum?

By WALTER GUTMAN

FOR a good many years those interested in modern art in New York have found their chief amusement as well as their chief shame in the collection of the Metropolitan Museum. It was said that the only way to get a Cézanne into the collection was to sneak it up the stairs some night and hang it. Then, by the time they got around to shifting the hangings, it would be an old master. In September of this year Murdock Pemberton published a series of Impertinent Questions in *Creative Art*, among which were the following:

What is your objection to pictures by the younger living artists?

Failing to provide museum space for the work of contemporary men who have not received the accolade of the Academy, would you consider spending \$10,000 a year on unknown Americans and giving them a fortnightly or monthly show?

Did you have a chance to buy Cézannes when Stieglitz tried in vain to sell them at \$40 apiece?

Could you tell a good picture if it were offered at any price under \$5,000?

But on examining the collection thoroughly one finds that a cold attitude toward the moderns is perhaps the least of the Museum's faults. If it were hostile it might have a great and intelligent love for something else. But in fact it does

not show itself particularly hostile to the moderns, or adverse to buying unknown men, or particularly aggressive and intelligent in collecting the old. In the end, the task of a public museum is not especially to encourage contemporary art. That is up to the artists and the private enthusiasts. Nor should it be to specialize in one narrow field so as to outrival every other institution in possessing the work of some artist or period. Its job is to excite the public to an interest in art and to inform it as to its history. To do this a museum must have works of the highest quality in every field, and enough of these to give a conception of the variety of each period. Then again, the largest part of its collection should be made up of works which have the widest appeal, and the funds budgeted to that end, leaving the finer points in history to be taken care of by the specialists. It is in this duty that the Metropolitan Museum fails more completely than in its appreciation of the moderns, and it is a failure that is considerably more serious.

Of course, in the collection of old masters the Museum is handicapped by reason of its age in comparison with museums abroad. Yet, granting this, a lack of intelligence and aggressiveness has been in evidence ever since the Museum became a competitor. For example, compare it with the National Gallery of London. Let us take twelve painters of unquestionable merit who were also prolific and compare

the examples of their work possessed by each, according to the museums' most recent catalogues. Let us confine ourselves to artists who are foreign to both countries so as to eliminate the effects of patriotism. It is obvious that a museum's policy is most clearly shown by what it buys.

The Metropolitan Museum was organized in 1870. However, it took time to get well under way, and it was not until the Rogers bequest in 1903 that the Museum was in a position to buy quite as it wished. That year it spent \$244,139.09 on works of art. For the next ten years its average was \$271,140.03, spending in the last year of that decade \$373,774.23. In 1926, the year of its last catalogue, the figure had risen to \$1,145,316.75.¹ Making the comparison, then, from 1903, we find: The National Gallery has seven Velasquez's of which one was bought after this date; the Metropolitan, two given. The National Gallery has thirty-six Rubens's, none bought after that date; the Metropolitan nine, three bought. The National Gallery has nineteen Rembrandts, one bought; the Metropolitan, the same number, given. The National Gallery has seven Raphaels, one bought; the Metropolitan, one given. The National Gallery has five Tintoretts, one bought; the Metropolitan, three, all purchased. The National Gallery has seven Titians, one bought; the Metropolitan, one, given.² Of Goya, Veronese, Poussin, and Claude the Metropolitan has eight, of which six were bought; the National Gallery, thirty-three, none purchased after 1903. Of Delacroix and Ingres, the Metropolitan has four, all bought; the National Gallery, seventeen, fourteen purchased. In total the National Gallery has within these years bought nineteen and the Metropolitan sixteen. While the result is not a crushing victory for the National Gallery in point of numbers, it becomes more complete when we consider that the National had ninety-nine examples of these men before our chosen date, and the Metropolitan just six. Strangely enough, if we compare the figures since the opening of the World War, we find that the National Gallery has purchased sixteen paintings to the Metropolitan's nine, though the Metropolitan spread its paintings over six men to the National Gallery's four.

However, let us not stop with the big names but take the completeness of representation by country. It would be cruel to compare the Metropolitan's Italian collection with those of museums abroad, for we cannot expect it to have the Michelangelos, the da Vincis, the Orcagnas, the Duccios, the Cimabues, which those museums had the fortune to inherit; nor the Dutch and Flemish. Still what about the French? The preface to the catalogue of the exhibition of French primitives held at the Kleinberger Galleries in New York in October, 1927, said that it was only between two and three decades ago that the world became aware of the importance of these works. Then:

In consequence of the exhibition of 1904 [of French primitives in Paris] the Louvre, aware of its gaps and in order to complete its collections, hastened to acquire some of the masterpieces of French primitive painting.

Why then has the Metropolitan no example of Jean Malouel, or of his school; of Henri Bellechose, Jean Fouquet, Michel Colombe, La Maitre de Moulins, the two Clouets, Nicholas Froment? Of the important men of these centuries the

Museum has just three paintings: a school panel of Simon Marmion, and two portraits by Corneille de Lyon, all of which were given to it.

From the seventeenth century to the nineteenth the list is not much better. The Museum has no example of Watteau; none of Fragonard or of Rigaud, Lancret, La Tour, Le Brun. It has three Le Nains, two Chardins, three Poussins, two of Largillière, one of Claude, two Bouchers, four of Greuze, two Nattiers, one of David. In other words, of the fifteen important men of two centuries it has twenty examples distributed over nine of them.

Of the nineteenth century its collection, because it could so easily have been so much better, is a disgrace. Two Delacroix. Why could it not have had some of the ten bought at the Degas sale in 1918 by the National Gallery? Two Ingres. The National Gallery bought four at the Degas sale. One Géricault, one Daumier, two Millets. Of Corot, Courbet, de Chavannes, and Monet, good numbers: thirteen, seven, four, and four. Of Manet, three. The National Gallery has seven of which five were bought between 1918-1926. Of Cézanne, one; of Degas, one; of Renoir, one; of Redon, one, a sketch; of Gauguin, none; of Van Gogh, none; of Toulouse-Lautrec, none; of Seurat, none; of Pissarro, none; of Forain, none. Plainly from its inclusion of Cézanne and Renoir the Museum is not afraid of the new school of the last century. Then why not the others and why not more of the ones we have? The National Gallery has three Cézannes, nine Degas's, three Renoirs. Of those the Metropolitan has none of, the National Gallery has the following: three Gauguins, four Van Goghs, two Pissarros, two Forains, two Seurats, one Toulouse-Lautrec. Even the collections of our smaller museums are superior to the Metropolitan on this score. The Art Institute of Chicago has four Renoirs, two Degas's; five Pissarros, three Gauguins; one Forain. The Museum of Fine Arts of Boston has listed in its catalogue of 1921 four Degas's, two Pissarros, two Renoirs. Of these men the National Gallery has bought nineteen examples, the Metropolitan and the Art Institute two, and the Boston Museum one. But perhaps the directors felt that as long as there was such a charming collection across the East River, theirs could be neglected. In the Brooklyn Museum one can find a Cézanne, three Degas's, two Toulouse-Lautrecs, two Pissarros, two Forains, a Renoir, a sketch, and a Gauguin. Of these five were bought.

In the twentieth century the Museum has no examples of Matisse, Picasso, Derain, Segonzac, Braque, Forain, Utrillo, Vuillard, Bonnard, Modigliani. These painters were once, like the Cézannes Mr. Pemberton speaks of, to be bought at bargains. This is so no longer. It does not take a prophet to see what the French collection of the twentieth century is likely to be like when so far it consists of one water-color copy of Manet's "Olympia" by Jacques Villon.

In the section of American painting much the same condition exists. The Museum boasts³ that "The collection of American art of today . . . is the most complete branch of the collection and gives a wide representation of what is being done in our own country." It is without a Marin, an O'Keeffe, a Preston Dickenson, a McFee, a Chapin, a Sheeler, a Hartley, a Leon Kroll.

In its collection of sculpture one does not expect the Museum to compete with the public monuments abroad. Among the more recent, the only really excellent group is that of Barye; and the only extensive one, that of Rodin.

¹ Annual Reports of the Metropolitan Museum, 1871-1927.

² The Museum has, since the issuance of its catalogue of 1926, bought a Rubens and a Titian. I was not, however, able to get equally complete information on the accessions of the National Gallery and have therefore let the comparison stand.

³ Metropolitan Museum Catalogue of Paintings, 1926, xii.

It has one Epstein, the head of an American soldier. The Tate Gallery has, if I remember correctly, either three or four; and, as everyone knows, the British Government has granted him commissions for two public monuments. The Metropolitan has none of Maillol, who is generally considered the greatest of living sculptors. It owns no Despiau. The Luxembourg bought one of his busts as long ago as 1912. It owns no Bernard. The Luxembourg has two. It has no Lachaise, no Archipenko, no Brancusi. It has a "Herakles" and a "Beethoven" by Bourdelle, of which it bought the latter, and a head by the rather advanced sculptor, Allan Clark. It has bought, too, a good number of Dianas, a "Song of the Wave," a statue called "Needless Alarms," in which a nude girl is frightened by a toad, and an "Ephèbe" by Louis Aime Le Jeune, the original of which is in the Luxembourg.

What is the reason for this series of omissions? Not prejudice. Some of these men are represented in the print room, where they are seldom seen except by students already familiar with their work. The Museum has arranged temporary exhibits of modern decorative art and has a small but fairly representative collection of its own. The reason is hardly that the names are unknown. Many of them have been so much discussed that they are as familiar as old masters.

The causes are generally said to be "old fogyness" and committeeism. The directorate is certainly not composed of men who have distinguished themselves by their understanding of current movements in art. Neither are they, with possibly a few exceptions, known as independent scholars or connoisseurs of the past. It is the common museum blight. Some museums, such as the National Gallery and the Art Institute, seem to have overcome it. Others, such as the Louvre and Boston Museum, have had more fortunate gifts. Still, what would become of a bank directed by artists who deprived the financiers they hired to run the bank of any power to make a loan or place a mortgage?

Again, there seems to have been a misapplication of funds. It is useless to compare the number of items bought by different departments, since one does not know the prices paid; but the vastly more numerous purchases of pieces of ancient decorative art—Coptic, German, Turkish, Persian, and so forth—of pieces of ancient armament, of steel engravings done after old masters, of portions of Chinese and other deities, point to funds spent where they are not most useful.⁴ For, however excellent these things are in themselves, they have not the importance for the public of major works of painting and sculpture, especially those in the European tradition; and until such collections are better than they are, the others should be more neglected.

Angna Enters

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

A DANCER who does not dance; an actress who does not speak; a dramatist who makes the audience supply the drama. She is to the stage what the imagists are to poetry. There is the same unemotional projection, the stripped and scrupulously selected image, the cleanly visualized line. This is to imply that the painter predominates and, in effect, the art of Angna Enters is that of a painting which has escaped the static limitations of its canvas. In the "episodes" entitled "Promenade" and "Aphrodisiac—Green Hour" she makes scarcely a step, never any but the most furtive motions. And yet in one, a half-bold, half-bored flirt has walked out of a Manet portrait; in the other, the ennui of the unsuccessful street-walker, the mechanical smile fading into apathy, the cold shudder, are a shifting composite of a dozen Daumiers. Enters's "Odalisque," with her slow curves, hard eyes, and soft sloven perversity, is definitely Renoir. "Moyen Age" is a set of frescoes in counterpoint. No wonder that her admirers are largely recruited from the field of art: John Sloan, Georgia O'Keefe, Robert Henri, Alfred Stieglitz, Robert Edmond Jones have praised her in unreserved superlatives. And rightly. She is one of them, and she is more. She is what their work moves toward.

What are her qualities? From the complexity of effects, wit emerges first. Extraordinarily subtle, almost febrile, here is a species of wit that is both lightly mocking and completely devastating. Observe "La Sauvage Elegante," with its self-contradiction of the formal pirouetting of the court of Louis XIV and the latest fashion note from Peru. A properly draped leopard-skin over billowing silk; a primitive crown surmounting a coiffeur's chef-d'œuvre of the highest; a court lady determining to be savage and suc-

ceeding only in being the more obviously a ghost of her tradition. Observe "Feline" where, instead of a costume made to imitate the body of a cat, the woman, in quasi-Spanish black lace, is a cat. A cat? Here, in its combination of suave cruelty, smooth grace, abnormal wisdom, and uncomprehending innocence, is Cat abstract, complete, and absolute. "1927—Entr'acte" is, on the surface, ridiculous; a sketch at criticism. Yet here, in the least lovely of her compositions, this girl pillories a whole generation whose rosary is a lipstick and whose Golden Treasury is a "line" of wise-cracks.

But wit alone would make her work dry and over-cerebral. Humor saves Angna Enters from a tendency to intellectualize, an impulse to allow the wicked brain free run of its own malice. Sometimes the humor is broad, as in the almost boisterous delineation of the schoolgirl in "Field Day." Boisterous but unhappy, as the mosquitoes nip her ankles, the vicious sun bites her neck, and the gawky child parades, drills, and goes through her dumb-bell exercises in an agony of precision. Less burlesque but even richer in humor is the earthy and robust "Contra Danse." Here is a sweep more liberal than the artist usually permits herself; the mime not only dances the peasant off her feet, she creates a stageful of dancers, each vigorously and swiftly differentiated. This is the very antithesis of the stilted, ogling "cake-walk"; comment and criticism cease; Breughel is joined to Beethoven.

⁴ For example, in 1927 the Museum bought 90 classical antiques, 624 Egyptian antiquities, 23 pieces of arms and armor, 694 pieces of pottery, 4 costumes, 1 piece of crystal, 1 piece of enamel, 431 objects in glass, 1 piece of stained glass, 1 piece of lacquer, 3 pieces of leatherwork, 11 medals and plaques, 8 pieces of metal work, 3 pieces listed as miscellaneous, 4,044 prints, 27 pieces of woodwork, 5 miniatures and manuscripts, 202 examples of textiles, 19 paintings, 23 sculptures, and a drawing.

But much as one respects the witty exposé of sham elegance and enjoys the hearty *Naturkind*, the two qualities which distinguish Angna Enters are curiously combined: the *macabre* and the tender. The former is the more pronounced. Whether the bizarre is Miss Enters's natural gesture to the world or whether she cares for the grotesque line rather than the fluent motion, the cynical frequently resolves into the sinister. "Black Magic" and "Heptameron No. 1," that concise drama with its reminiscence of Browning's "The Laboratory," which all but baffles the audience, are cases in point. Here is an evocation of all that is masked, twisted, paradoxical, perverse. . . . And then, amazingly, when we have concluded there is no warmth in the woman, she breaks down the last reserve with tenderness. With a minimum of "effects" she reveals all the awkward coquetry of a Viennese *Backfisch* ("Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald"); the incredible pathos of long adolescent afternoons in "Piano Music," in which there is no mere appearance but the essence of reality; the dissolving and fusing of a hundred Madonnas in "The Queen of Heaven." Here is the eternal mother, baring her breast to anguish, disclosing the world's secret in the Rose of the World. Here instead of gesture is illumination.

Yet, at the end, having had so much, the heart (not the eye) asks more. How far can so strange a talent go? Miss Enters has characterized her own periphery: "Episodes." But these episodic studies, these skilful observations so often sly and sardonic, these nuances of nostalgia, boredom, frustration, these brief snatches of ecstasy. . . . One hopes for a time when Miss Enters will achieve a furthering if not a fusion of these characteristics, a larger rhythm, a longer and more noble line. Meanwhile, within her self-imposed limitations, she is an arresting and even astonishing phenomenon. Beginning where other choreomimes leave off, she furnishes one of the most imaginative experiences in the theater today.

The Little Triangle

By MARK VAN DOREN

Into the smoothness of their days,
 Into their little nest of nights,
 Flew something jaggeder than death,
 And more intolerable than truth.
 Each had now a separate mind,
 And both were scared, and each was blind.

Within her midnight still she kept
 A soft remembrance of his mouth;
 But he was looking far away,
 At lips that laughed and counted three.
 In his own darkness he could tell
 That other face by which he fell.

And though they both have day again,
 And hold each other through the night,
 There is a little shudder comes
 On her, remembering sometimes
 How at the second of sunrise
 She caught the profile of his eyes.

This Week Hungarian Magic

ROSIKA SCHWIMMER has been known for long years as a public personage. She has lectured and written in Europe and America on behalf of all manner of causes—equal rights, legislation for women and children, peace. She was active in the launching of Henry Ford's Peace Ship. As Hungarian Ambassador to Switzerland after the revolution, she was the first woman diplomat in modern history. A long career of heavy campaigning; a reputation as a political and social reformer. . . .

And now Mme Schwimmer has written a book—and revealed a personality. "Tisza Tales"* is as remote from the struggles of public life as "Cinderella" is from the latest history of the World War. It is a collection of old Hungarian stories retold, and restrung on a rich, gold thread. They are as good as they are ancient and each one has that air of absolute and solemn verity that inhabits the true folk-tales of all countries, however preposterous and fantastic, if they are told as they should be. These stories are at once delicate and graceful and hearty and humorous and filled with a warm gusto. The characters who are introduced to help tell them, whether they are shepherds on the wide, flat *alföld*, or fishermen on the banks of the Tisza, or villagers in the inn, or boys and girls gathered for a corn-husking, are as living as the heroes of their stories. They drink hot, spiced wine and eat poppy-seed cakes, they laugh and dance to the accordion and flute—and always the old stories are told and retold.

We meet the good king who, disguised, mingles with his subjects, dispensing riches to the poor and worthy and dark disgrace to the wealthy but mean. Here, too, is the clever tailor who outmaneuvers the devil himself; and the farmer who is rewarded by good King Mathias for his kind deeds; and the miller's daughter who marries the king because of her cleverness. Their stories are written in such simple, direct language as must have cloaked them in their original form; yet they are more than translations, reduced and diluted for children. Mme Schwimmer has told them as a good story-teller must, whether he be old Karad *básci* wiping the paprika-fish from his mustache and lighting his pipe or a young girl winning her first laurels at a spinning-bee. Her language is her own, and so right and well-chosen that it manages to absorb appropriate fragments of American slang without the least ill-effect.

"Tisza Tales" are intended for children, and no child could resist them. But neither could an adult who preserved any sense of kinship with his own past or that of the race; and for jaded minds, oppressed by intellectual complexities, such books as this should be prescribed as a gentle drug, satisfying, more completely than a movie melodrama, the desire for a friendly world and for simple solutions and for an intelligible system of rewards and punishments.

The book would be incomplete without the illustrations by Willy Pogany. Here his lively talent has an unmatched opportunity to display itself in designs and clear colors. Seldom has a Hungarian decorative artist been allowed to be more completely himself.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

* Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$5.

Boston

Boston. By Upton Sinclair. Two volumes. Albert and Charles Boni. \$5.

The Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti. Edited by Marion Denman Frankfurter and Gardner Jackson. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

"A MILLION men! Give me my million men!" cried Bartolomeo Vanzetti, pacing up and down in the death house at Charlestown a few days before his execution. His lawyer was distressed. So were all of the assorted liberals, radicals, and journalists who were struggling frantically to save him. Vanzetti was raving, they thought, broken at last by seven years of incredible judicial torture. They were wrong. Vanzetti was wholly sane and clairvoyantly right. A million men called out on a general strike might have clubbed a little of the fear of God into that prosperous Massachusetts mob which worshipped only the devils bred of their own hate and fear and hypocritical blood-lust. Probably nothing else would have helped, because ultimately everything else was tried, and nothing else *did* help.

Vanzetti was right. Upton Sinclair in "Boston" makes the point that he was usually right, from the beginning to the end of his ordeal; that again and again his predictions were fulfilled; that his counsel regarding the conduct of his own case might conceivably, if followed, have brought freedom to himself and Sacco. This, of course, is debatable. But it is true that Vanzetti's comprehension of his own and Sacco's predicament was extraordinarily clear, and even prophetic.

How could this be? Who was this Vanzetti? On what food had he fed that he could think so precisely and see so clearly? He was an Italian peasant who had been successively a pastry-cook, a factory worker, a pick-and-shovel laborer, and a fish-peddler. He had been an anarchist agitator and propagandist, "speaking at street corners to scorning men." He became, not by an accident, but by loyally following the dictates of an illumined soul and an honest mind, a revolutionary saint and martyr in the blaze of whose spirit America has been made to see herself as never before in all her history.

Something of that blaze kindles much of the writing that has been done about Sacco and Vanzetti. It flickers through the pages of "Boston" and makes Upton Sinclair's two-volume novel-history almost continuously alive and moving. It burns unquenchably in the speeches and letters of Vanzetti and of Sacco—for Sacco, although a less reflective type than his comrade, on occasion shows himself to be almost equally clear-headed and perceptive. This material, which does not include translations, but only the English letters and statements of the two prisoners, has now been collected into a volume by Gardner Jackson, secretary of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, and Marion Denman Frankfurter. Sinclair has woven many passages from these letters and speeches into the fabric of his novel. He is right when he declares that here is some of the greatest English prose of our time and of all time.

This, for the little children of the Boston grammar schools to recite on May Day in that far time when Sacco and Vanzetti will be safely sculptured in bronze on the Common, and when

Boston, quite probably, will be engaged in making new martyrs:

If it had not been for these things, I might have lived out my life talking at street corners to scorning men. I might have died, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life could we hope to do such work for tolerance, for justice, for man's understanding of man as now we do by accident. Our words—our lives—our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish-peddler—all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph!

This, for the Minute Men of finance and business to declaim at law-and-order rallies:

My father has many fields, houses, garden. He dealt in wine and fruits and granaries. He wrote to me many times to come back home and be a business man. Well, this supposed murderer had answered him that my conscience do not permit me to be a business man and I will gain my bread by work in his field. And more: The clearness of mind, the peace of the conscience, the determination and force of will, all, all what make the man feeling to be a part of the life, force, and intelligence of the universe, will be brake by a crime. I know that, I see that, I tell that to everybody. Do not violate the law of nature if you do not want to be miserable.

This, for those feeble intellectual snobs who could not get interested in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, because, forsooth, Vanzetti was a simple Italian peasant and an illusioned crank who "could not think":

It is now customary to speak of objectiveness—as of a great thing. Relatively understood, it is a great thing, absolutely it is trash. A human being can perceive, understand, judge from and with his being and he can only be objective according to the very nature of his being, in respect to each and all the questions and the problems of life. Nothing is worse than a false belief of self-goodness or greatness. It is that which permitted Nero to kill his mother without remorse. . . . The convinced of the most bad belief may wrong everything and everyone, convinced to be objective.

This, for the columnists and smart-crackers who find radicals drearily and unhumanly humorless, and who therefore, with at least one honorable exception, saw no reason to comment on a case which for long months and years stretched the best and bravest spirits of our time on the rack of anger and grief:

Mr. A. Brisbane always troubles me. Several months ago I read in a book of physical culture, that to sit down is an unhealthy habit, and that the more one stands the better he feels. I like to feel well and consequently I took the advice. But today Mr. A. Brisbane tells me that the more we lay down the better it is. So I do not know what I have to do for my good health. Till now I used to read on my feet, more often leaning like an elephant against the wall; from now on I will maybe sit down. Of course, the best way to prevent diseases and troubles to a man is to kill him while he feels well.

This, to stuff down the throats of the lickspittle preach-

A Judge

By JAKE FALSTAFF

*There was a satisfaction in his heart
Because two men were dead.
Meanwhile, the apples were heaped in the tilted cart,
And the swine were fed.*

*Young randy gusts of wind went south and north
Across the fields, and rose and fell,
And the earth, our mother and wife, gave forth
A fat and amorous smell.*

*There was abundance of flesh and fish and grain
And flowers to spare;
Wedding and childbirth; fertility and rain;
And harvest everywhere.*

*The cart stood tilted up as it always had
And the swine were fed
The night that the poorest man on earth was glad
Because two men were dead.*

ers, debased inheritors of the Christian ideal of perfection, who all over this land howled for the blood of men whose deeds and words they did not trouble to know—men who in mind and spirit stood immeasurably above them:

The price to perfection is high, sorrowful. I suffered more in making my conscience, than in facing my trial.

Sacco and Vanzetti have indeed given us a new testament for our time. One thing, further, we learn from the letters and statements, and the lesson is reinforced by Sinclair's tracing of the pattern of events, semi-fictional though it is: Whom the coward, the knave, and the fool would destroy, they first hate, then slime with lies, and finally kill from ambush.

We saw the hate and we read the lies, but not all of them. Toward the end of the second volume of "Boston" Sinclair details some of the ugly and preposterous gossip which cops, stool-pigeons, crooked detectives, and respectable gentlemen and lunatics were depositing in the Governor's office during the last days before the execution, and which Messrs. Fuller, Lowell, Stratton, and Grant found it convenient to believe—tales connecting Sacco and Vanzetti with a dozen remote crimes—cheap poison-gas that spread all over the State and the nation. What does it matter whether or not they believed these tales? Whether they knew it or not—though probably they were too small and too stupid to know it—they killed in self-defense. They killed safely, respectably, in the name of their Nordic gods and their sick and dwindling investments. They will kill again if similar occasion arises. So will almost any other American community which, rightly or wrongly, believes itself threatened. The liberals will plead, the communists and anarchists will demonstrate. One thing alone will stop them, and it is not the law. It is power.

It is probably too bad that "Boston" was not written either as straight fact or straight fiction. As it is, one can never tell where the fact ends and the fiction begins and this is likely to cause a good deal of unprofitable argument. On the surface it would appear that Mr. Sinclair has digested the facts reasonably well and built them into a clear and convincing pattern. What one objects to, as usual, is Mr. Sinclair's tendency to point the moral and adorn the tale with the observations of his own exacerbated social conscience. The tale itself should have been enough. It is strong wine and needs no bush.

Probably Mr. Sinclair would reply that by resorting to this semi-fictional form he has been enabled both to widen the scope of his exposition and to give movement and poignancy to his drama. Most of his characters are real people whose real names are used. The others are obviously composite portraits. The sub-plots of financial, political, and social intrigue and corruption appear to have been taken bodily, for the most part, from the newspapers. Naturally the reviewer cannot vouch for them or for what appears to be stated as fact about the Sacco-Vanzetti case. But surely there was little need to invent. At least Mr. Sinclair has given us no incredible villains: merely a sick and phobia-ridden old man; a Cambridge Jehovah; an automobile salesman with cold agate eyes who staged a big political gamble—and lost.

Mr. Sinclair has been equally realistic about his heroes. Bart and Nick were not perfect, although they were exceedingly fine and lovable human beings. They were anarchists—class rebels who fearlessly and unreservedly gave over their lives to fighting for liberty and justice as they conceived these things. It is possible to say that they did not understand very well how to fight; liberals and communists alike will say that. But certainly they were not failures; they forced thoughtful people to question anew our concepts of the state, the law, the social compromise. And they knew how to die.

A great tragedy has been enacted in our time and these are among its important records. Let no one read these books who is not prepared to weep at the terror and the beauty of life. There are five men who will not dare to read them as long as they live.

JAMES RORTY

The Importance of Albert Mathiez

The French Revolution. By Albert Mathiez. Translated from the French by Catherine Alison Phillips. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

IT is possible for historians of France to disagree about her great men without the mayors of her chief cities going into hysterics. In fact, the city of Paris endows a chair in history at the University of Paris which was first held by a pro-Mirabeau, pro-Danton, anti-Robespierre incumbent and is now held by an anti-Mirabeau, anti-Danton, pro-Robespierre incumbent. The second (Albert Mathiez) was at one time the student of the first (F.-A. Aulard). When Mathiez was awarded his doctoral degree in 1904, none was more enthusiastic in his praise of the younger man's thesis on the theophilanthropists than his mentor, to whom it was dedicated.

But since that time they have parted company. Aulard, trained as a student of literature, whose original studies in the French Revolution were of its oratory, was chiefly interested in the political phases of the revolution. His greatest contribution to its understanding, aside from the publication of dozens of volumes of valuable documents, is an "Histoire politique de la Révolution française." As the title indicates, he was interested in constitutional changes and party policies. He never emphasized economic and social causation, going so far as to maintain that the quarrel between the Girondins and the Jacobins was nothing more than a question of whether the Departments or Paris were to dominate the policies of France. Despite the insistence of Jaurès and Kropotkin upon the social antagonism of these two groups, Aulard's views were generally accepted for an entire generation both in France and abroad. The Société de l'histoire de la Révolution, of which he was the guiding spirit, and the journal *La Révolution française*, of which he was the editor, were the media through which new documents were published and current literature discussed. Soon Danton was given a statue.

In the meantime, Albert Mathiez had become professor at the provincial University of Dijon. His temperament is radical, his historical approach Marxian. He could not long remain a passive recipient of the Aulardian doctrine that the most significant factors in the French Revolution were political. Furthermore, he was inclined to reject his former tutor's preferences for Danton and antipathy for Robespierre. In 1908 he founded a journal called *Les Annales révolutionnaires* and in it he published several essays tending to show Robespierre in a new light. This journal was the organ of the Société des Etudes Robespierriennes, of which Mathiez was the leader. There followed a dozen or more volumes on the same theme. One proved that some of the chief opponents of Robespierre in the Convention were grafters ("La Corruption parlementaire sous la Terreur"). Another showed that the foreign plot, which Robespierre and the Committee of Public Safety so frequently used as a justification for their stringent measures but at which historians were inclined to smile skeptically, was a real conspiracy of formidable proportions ("La Conspiration de l'étranger"). Another was a series of essays showing Robespierre to have been a brave, clear-sighted, and democratic statesman ("Autour de Robespierre"). This was followed by another series of essays showing that Danton, instead of being the patriot who constantly risked his good name that the *Patrie* might be saved, as Aulard described him, was one who always sat on the fence, leaning safely to the leeward, but carefully preparing a soft spot to fall upon on the other side, should the wind suddenly change. There were two volumes on the church during the revolution ("Rome et le Clergé français sous la Constituante" and "La Révolution et l'Eglise"), describing the counter-revolutionary activities of the Catholic church during

the entire course of the revolution. In "Danton et la Paix," Danton was shown to have been a defeatist at the time when the bitter-enders were beginning to gain predominance. In "Robespierre Terroriste" Robespierre is shown to have been only apparently responsible for the severity of the Committee of Public Safety; others were more ruthless than he, and the entire scheme of the Terror was a justifiable war measure. An other study is devoted to a crying scandal that almost entirely escaped the attention of earlier historians—"L'Affaire de la Compagnie des Indes," in which it is revealed that Danton's followers, if not Danton himself, were sadly involved in as neat a case of graft as ever marred any revolutionary annals.

In the meantime, the social history of the Terror had received admirable elucidation in regular articles from the same pen in the *Annales Révolutionnaires*. These articles and some more recent ones led to the publication of Mathiez's latest volume, showing how the economic factors (food shortage, low wages, paper-money inflation, war conditions, etc.) led to the necessity for economic reorganization and the extension of the Terror ("La Vie chère et le Mouvement social sous la Terreur"). Mathiez has shown that Robespierre, Saint Just, and their faction had committed themselves definitely to a policy of redistribution of wealth by confiscating that of the "suspects" and partitioning it up among indigent "patriots." It was this policy which, as much as any other, hastened their overthrow on the 9th Thermidor.

These are not all the books that Mathiez has published. Nor does this enumeration take full account of his energetic editorial activity. Despite the censorship during the war, the *Annales révolutionnaires* continued to appear, the editor (he told me) refusing to let it be censored until a censor could be found with sufficient scientific training to do the work capably. Since the war (1924) the *Annales révolutionnaires* and the *Revue historique de la Révolution française* have been united under the joint editorship of Albert Mathiez and Gustave Laurent with the title of *Annales Historiques de la Révolution française, Organe de la Société des Etudes Robespierristes*. If you pick up any of its six issues a year, you will most probably find that the leading article, several of the smaller notes, and almost all of the reviews are by Mathiez. The Société is also publishing the works of Robespierre, in which Mathiez is actively interested, though not formally engaged. Mathiez has also published a very carefully annotated edition of Jaurès's study of the French Revolution (the first three volumes of the "Histoire Socialiste").

Such a man, of course, has enemies. Since no one has written a book on the French Revolution in the last twenty-five years without hearing from Mathiez and since Mathiez is not given to calling a spade an agricultural implement, the pages of the *Annales Historiques* frequently carry bitter controversies between the editor and some author who feels he has been victimized. When Aulard retired from the chair in the History of the French Revolution established at the University of Paris by the City of Paris, it was felt in several quarters that someone more in sympathy than Mathiez with the attitudes of the outgoing incumbent ought to be found to fill the post. The choice fell logically upon Professor Sagnac. But within a few years, Professor Sagnac felt obliged by ill-health and a shift of his interests to Napoleon likewise to retire, and Albert Mathiez necessarily was made *chargé du cours* in the history of the French Revolution at the University of Paris.

"La Révolution française," Mathiez's general history of the French Revolution, began to appear in 1925, when the author was still professor at the University of Dijon. The present translation contains in one large volume what appeared in French in three small volumes. The last two were published while Mathiez was *chargé du cours d'Histoire de la Révolution française à l'Université de Paris*. They are characterized by the point of view that the previous monographic studies of the author would lead one to expect. The first volume was a study

of how conservative opposition led from absolute monarchy through limited monarchy to a bourgeois republic. The second volume dealt with the second revolutionary movement, by which the Girondins were prevented from establishing a bourgeois republic by *sans culottes* and Jacobins, and were overthrown by popular patriotic demonstrations. The third volume described the failure of the Jacobins to establish a *sans culotte* republic because of bourgeois reaction to Terror and socialism. It is unfortunate that the publisher of the translation did not wait for the fourth volume, which the author informs me will appear shortly. It will deal with the Thermidorian Reaction.

This translation will come as a surprise to the thousands in this country who have learned their history of the French Revolution in the school of Aulard. They will find Robespierre the hero of the story from first to last, adapting himself slowly but with statesmanlike wisdom to the demands of the revolutionary cause, always taking the patriotic and popular point of view, seldom mistaken about the corruption of the men he attacked. They will find Marat regarded as a clear-sighted journalist and an honest statesman, sincere leader of the lower classes against bourgeois interests and policies. They will find Mirabeau described as a self-seeking, bribe-taking, aristocratic voluptuary. They will discover Danton as a corrupt defeatist trimmer, though occasional words of praise for his personal courage are let fall. They will find that Lafayette, Brissot, Roland, Charlotte Corday, and even Camille Desmoulins were not without fear and without reproach.

But the most significant contribution of the author to the study of the French Revolution is not the reevaluation of personalities. It is his insistence upon social and economic developments as the determining factors in the revolution. The winning of the war, which he makes the chief motive of Jacobins, Hébertists, and Robespierrists, may be regarded in itself as a patriotic and sheerly political consideration. But the war could not be won except by the conscription of men, money, munitions, food, and opinion; and the regulation of each of these was determined by social and materialistic considerations on the part of individuals, parties, classes. Since Aulard wrote his "Histoire politique de la Révolution française" and published the political documents of the French Revolution there have appeared a great number of documents published by an official commission on the economic history of France. These "Documents inédits sur l'histoire économique de la Révolution française" have been used along with Aulard's by our present author, but he has also depended upon his own researches in the *Archives nationales*, which perhaps no man other than the archivist himself (Pierre Caron) knows better. The result is a work that might be called an "Histoire sociale et économique de la Révolution française."

Strangely enough, the mordant, polemical manner for which Mathiez has become famous is not to be found in these volumes. It is a straightforward, sober, objective, uncontroversial style he uses, with few literary tricks, but with a clarity and smoothness that mark it as unmistakably French. Mathiez has been more fortunate in his translator than Aulard, since Mrs. Phillips has not tried to improve upon his text and has done as little editing as was reasonable. There are a few typographical errors that a more careful proofreading should have caught. For example, July 18 (p. 48) should be July 17, as it is in the original. On the other hand, there is a good index that will make the translation more usable than the original.

Of the author's work there are only minor criticisms to make. It is regrettable that he accepts the kind of testimony against people he does not like as would make him writhe in protest if others were to use it against his friends. He repeats, for instance, against Brissot that "his enemies alleged" that he had been in the employ of the police before 1781 (p. 138). It would go hard with any other author in the columns of Mathiez's journal, however, if he were to use such evidence against Robespierre. Sometimes, too, Mathiez makes

statements on too flimsy evidence. I should like to know upon what evidence he bases his statement that Marat, a few days before the September Massacres, posted placards calling on recruits not to leave for the front until they had meted out justice to the enemies of the people (p. 179). The author's American public, at least, will find it confusing that he so frequently gives the dates of important events in the Revolutionary calendar without indicating their Gregorian equivalents. Finally, there are a few errors of detail. The procession preceding the opening of the Estates General came after (May 4) and not the day before the king's reception of the three orders (May 2). On the same page (p. 41), it is inaccurately stated that Necker made no statement on the question of vote by head *vs.* vote by order, for he let fall some inadequate expression in favor of voting by order. Can the French Guards be called the "premier regiment of France" (p. 46)? Is not the inference which one is allowed to draw that De Launay deliberately and cold-bloodedly fired on a flag of truce on July 14, 1789, an injustice to that incompetent, panic-stricken, but well-intentioned gentleman? Finally, in view of Dr. Cabanis's testimony that Mirabeau lay on his deathbed for five days it is unfair to say that "Mirabeau died suddenly . . . as the result of a night of orgy."

But these are mere details and unimportant. The fact is that, for once, a publisher's "blurb" tells no more than the truth: "The announcement of this book is a distinctive event in the field of historical literature." Perhaps now Robespierre will have a statue.

LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK

At the Clinic

Whither Mankind: A Panorama of Modern Civilization. Edited by Charles A. Beard. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.

IN this contribution to our growing library of surveys Mr. Beard has sponsored an attractive volume, the outcome of sympathetic collaboration among seventeen widely scattered and diverse commentators, drawn from the intellectuals of three continents. From the Orient comes Hu Shih, from Germany Emil Ludwig, from England Bertrand Russell, Beatrice Webb, and Sidney H. Havelock Ellis, and from America a choice group including James Harvey Robinson, John Dewey, Lewis Mumford, Everett Dean Martin, Stuart Chase, and Carl Van Doren. The editor opens the debate by proposing the problem—What in the eyes of an intelligent realism is likely to be the future of this present civilization, based on the machine and guided by science? Will it run its course as other civilizations have done and give place to a different order? And the reply in discussion and summary is a rebuttal of the pessimism of Spengler's view—that is adjudged to be only a lament for an obsolete agricultural and handicraft order—and the substitution of a sober, judicial optimism. If our civilization is suffering from the sickness of an acquisitive society, in the pharmacopoeia of science are the remedies to cure it.

I frankly confess to a distaste for any sort of symposium. Too often the thing is little more than a *pot-au-feu* into which go such odds and ends as the cook has at hand. It is perhaps better to regard this study as a social clinic, a consultation of physicians, a learned deliberation of highly trained specialists, at the bedside of Western civilization. In the eyes of the family nothing could be more impressive than this businesslike procedure. Seventeen learned heads bending over the patient, seventeen stethoscopes clapped to lungs and heart, seventeen analysts consulting over blood pressure and gland secretions, seventeen pathologists inquiring into all possible sources of infection. And when the report is in the judgment is highly encouraging. The diagnosis gives no great cause for alarm. What these gentlemen find is that Western civilization is suffering from a mild attack of machinitis, superinduced by a diet of

science lacking in certain necessary social vitamins, chiefly vitamin E commonly known as aesthetics. Fortunately, the disease is not incurable, for the present ill-balanced diet can be corrected by the same science that brought on the disorder.

It is comforting to know that the hair of the dog will cure the bite, that, as used to be said about democracy, the remedy for the evils of science is more science. But to enjoy the full measure of comfort one must have complete faith in the competency of our diagnosticians. These gentlemen profess to be realists who are under no sentimental illusions in regard to either the past or the present. They project a future derived from present fact, and they assume that the civilization of tomorrow will be the civilization of today with its foundations established more firmly in industrialism and its soaring towers refined and ennobled by increasing wisdom. They accept science and the universe revealed by science, and they confidently expect science to push forward unceasingly its conquest of nature. They accept equally the machine as the inevitable and beneficent instrument of science to create the milieu of civilization—a kindly giant that is counted on to eradicate serfdom and slavery from human society. And they envisage the future in terms of an increasing mastery of physical forces, an augmenting well-being that is destined eventually to uproot poverty, a clarifying intelligence that will mitigate if not destroy the ancient evils of superstition and cruelty and fear, and provide a more generous, humane, and creative life for men.

The picture is attractive—for many social critics it will seem too attractive. It waves aside somewhat too blithely the Victorian criticism of the machine order and the Victorian emphasis on the psychology of work. Ruskin and Morris it dismisses with Spengler as mourners over the past rather than critics of the present. Yet the question at the heart of Victorian criticism—Can an exploitative machine-order produce free creative minds, without which there can be no worthy civilization?—remains unanswered. Indeed the whole vexatious question of the machine versus the workman—the saving impact on the mind of the creative workman of the tool that fashions the raw material, and conversely the stamp of the machine on the unthinking "hand" that tends it—is given rather too scanty consideration. Everybody knows that our mastery of the material world, our technology, and our accumulations of scientific knowledge, are a good many laps ahead of our ability to use them in realizing the good life. The education of our technicians and laboratory workers is narrow and lopsided. Outside their special fields they are likely to be as guileless as any twelve-year-olds. After all, we are only children playing with poison gas, and whether we shall eventually control the gas or be destroyed by it is a question on which competent judges differ. Only a few of our present diagnosticians deal with the question at all and those who do are precisely the ones who report least glowingly on the condition of our civilization.

Among so many contributions one must expect a certain inequality in merit. Every reader will evaluate differently, but to the mind of the present reviewer certain contributions are quite inadequate. The chapter on law and government is the slightest of sketches that scarcely touches the fringe of the subject. The editor would have done better to have written that particular chapter himself. The analysis of business is idealistically hopeful in minimizing the fact that every business group is brutally unsocial in temper until it has conquered its realm. The present power group is only repeating the history of the railway group, the oil group, the steel group, in their reaching out for mastery. Only after the world is at its feet, dutifully paying its price, does business formulate codes and endow schools of research in business ethics. But if certain portions of the book are feeble they are compensated for by the excellence of other parts. Here, again, each reader will judge for himself, but one reader at least confesses a partiality for Bertrand Russell's discussion of science, Stuart Chase's discus-

sion of play, and Everett Dean Martin's discussion of education. The last in particular offers some sharp and wise comments on a subject that goes to the heart of our civilization. In the four hundred pages there is good picking for many tastes—none perhaps better than the editor's introduction—and no reader need leave the clinic hungry. The metaphor is badly mixed, but let it stand.

VERNON LOUIS PARRINGTON.

A Note of Confession

Shorter Novels of Herman Melville. With an Introduction by Raymond Weaver. Horace Liveright. \$3.50.

I HAVE a confession to make. When, a dozen years ago, I wrote for a learned work an account of Herman Melville and compiled the first extended bibliography of his writings, I outrageously neglected his "Piazza Tales," which I then called "not markedly original." This was not because I had not read them, but because, I suppose, I had read them with some kind of critical blind spot in my eyes. It does not comfort me to realize that Raymond Weaver, to whom I suggested that he write the biography of Melville, seems to have read these tales with eyes hardly more alert than mine. He said that Benito Cereno and *The Encantadas* "show the last glow of Melville's literary glamor." He said of *Billy Budd*, which he discovered in manuscript and which I had had no chance to read, that it was "not distinguished." We—do I seem to be confessing for Mr. Weaver too?—left it for Michael Sadleir and John Freeman, both in England, to do justice to masterpieces which nobody who had even glanced at them can ever have had an excuse for overlooking.

Now, however, Mr. Weaver has atoned for his error by bringing together Benito Cereno, *Bartleby the Scrivener*, and *The Encantadas* from the "Piazza Tales" and *Billy Budd* from its place in the limited edition of Melville issued recently in London. Thus for the first time in America since 1856 the "Piazza Tales" (at least, three of its six titles) is recovered from the dust of the first edition; and for the first time *Billy Budd*, left unpublished for a generation, is issued in the United States. That such merit should have been obscured so long is one of the shocking incidents in the history of American literature.

For these shorter novels of Melville belong, whatever may formerly have been said about them, with the most original and distinguished fiction yet produced on this continent. Perhaps *Bartleby the Scrivener* is a little thinner than the others, a little touched with the dry pallor of the fifties. Perhaps *The Encantadas* drifts rather than marches in its construction, quickening in one episode and then settling back again to a different tempo. But Benito Cereno, to use a more or less unavoidable standard of measurement, equals the best of Conrad in the weight of its drama and the skill of its unfolding. And *Billy Budd* surpasses the best of Conrad in the music of its language, as in the profundity and serenity of its reflections.

Billy Budd is particularly important among the works of Melville because in it alone he rises above the dark problems which tormented the later years of his life. No longer asking himself, of course vainly, why evil should exist, he asks instead how it moves on its horrid errands and what is to be done about it. Or rather, he answers by telling the story of *Billy Budd*, a handsome sailor who is hated by a petty officer on the ship, is unjustly accused to the captain, in a burst of worthy indignation strikes the petty officer and unintentionally kills him, and has to be hanged for his offense though the captain believes the sailor to be essentially without guilt. Hardly anywhere in fiction is there a more penetrating representation of native malice than in Melville's account of how Claggart comes to hate Billy for his beauty and his innocence. The processes of Iago

are superficial in comparison. Seldom in fiction has any character been so powerfully and lucidly exhibited in any such moral plight as that of Captain Vere, faced with a plain duty and a conscience plainly urging him not to do it. And neither of these parts of the story is so memorable as the scene, at once terrible and exalted, in which Billy, innocent of everything but innocence and manslaughter, is hanged, the victim of his own victim, who was evil as Billy was innocent. The innumerable implications of the plot are broodingly revealed. Wisdom surrounds it as the water surrounds the ship. But the narrative has none of the dispersion, as of light in a prism, which often goes with wisdom. In this last story Melville wrote he thought of all he had ever thought, and yet moved forward through it with the tense, straight line of art.

CARL VAN DOREN

The Origins of the World War

The Origins of the World War. By Sidney Bradshaw Fay. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. \$9.

In Quest of Truth and Justice. By Harry Elmer Barnes. National Historical Society.

THE appearance of Professor Fay's long-awaited work on the origins of the Great War means simply this: that the controversial stage in the question of war origins has been pretty well passed and that the problem has at last been examined as a whole by a professional historian of international standing whose impartiality is beyond cavil. Few books have ever been awaited with so much interest and impatience by the profession, for the author took high rank as a writer on the subject some eight years ago when he first exploded the myth of Germany's sole responsibility in the *American Historical Review*, and it has been generally felt that his detailed exposition of the problem and his reasoned opinions would go a long way toward clearing up the controversial points and supplying an authoritative statement. The feeling was fully justified, for here is no attempt to prove the responsibility of this or that individual, of this or that nation. Professor Fay has spent years in careful investigation, there is almost nothing in the way of source material in any language that he has not seen and weighed, and his account is written with the same cool detachment with which he might have written of the origins of the Seven Years' War. The book marks a veritable epoch in the discussion of the greatest controversy and the most important problem of our time. It is a monument to American scholarship which will stand as the first purely scientific treatment of the question based upon adequate source material.

Professor Fay reminds us, in his concluding chapter, of Napoleon's famous dictum that over-simplification is the enemy of precision. He himself has made no attempt to reduce an extremely complicated problem to a few superficial formulas and it would be ridiculous for a reviewer to essay a brief summary of the wealth of material in this book. You have here two substantial volumes, the first dealing with the underlying causes of the war and the history of international relations prior to June 28, 1914. To the student of diplomatic history this is perhaps, the most impressive part, for it is nothing less than a series of monographic studies covering the whole period from 1870 to 1914, many of them touching upon subjects which have never before been systematically investigated, but all of them well-knit into a coherent story. As of greatest importance the reviewer would single out the treatment of the Anglo-French military and naval conversations, the exposition of Russia's policy in the Straits question, and the general account of the Balkan situation in the period following the Balkan Wars. Professor Fay shows clearly how England gradually drifted into what Churchill rightly describes as a "moral obligation" to France from which she could not extricate herself in 1914.

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how Russia's attention was focussed on the problem of opening the Straits for her warships while keeping them closed to the ships of other nations; and how, in the year preceding the July crisis, the various Powers were attempting to outdo one another and draw the Balkan states to their side.

The curtain was ready in 1914 to rise upon a great conflict. Europe was divided into two hostile camps, and international rivalries were accentuated by bloated armaments, by economic antagonisms, by nationalist aspirations, and by newspaper polemics. But Professor Fay is probably right in saying that these tendencies, however dangerous in themselves, would not have led to war. It was the assassination of Franz Ferdinand that precipitated the crisis, and this was the result of Serbian nationalist agitation. One could not ask for anything more lucid than the author's detailed study of the Austro-Serbian problem as it presented itself in 1914, of the political ideas and position of Franz Ferdinand himself, and of the plot and intrigue which led to his assassination. With this the second volume opens. The remaining chapters are in no sense inferior. Closely adhering to the chronological approach, which is the only profitable one in dealing with a problem of this kind, the author reviews the legend of the Potsdam Council and the story of Germany's blank check to Austria, the preparation of the ultimatum to Serbia, the Russian attitude and the role of France, the Serbian reply, the British peace proposals, Germany's belated efforts to restrain Austria, and, finally, the Russian mobilization and the declarations of war. Throughout the author's conclusions do not differ materially from those presented by the writers of the so-called revisionist school. But the great value of Fay's conclusions lies in the fact that they are the independent conclusions of an independent historian working out the various aspects of the problem from the sources. The fact is that no impartial scholar using all the material can come to substantially different conclusions. It is probably safe to say that Fay himself would have preferred to leave each reader to form his own opinions, but he has, in a few closing pages, briefly summarized his views, and with limited space one can hardly do better than to extract them.

None of the Powers, says Fay, wanted a European war, and the mere existence of national aspirations cannot be adduced as evidence that they intended to realize their ambitions by force of arms. The war broke out because in each country political and military leaders did things which led to mobilizations and declarations of war, or failed to do things that might have prevented them. All are, in a degree, responsible: Serbia because of her corroding agitation, because Pachich knew in advance of the plot to assassinate the Austrian heir, and because he failed to prevent the assassins from crossing into Bosnia or to warn the Austrian government; Austria because she determined to cut the Gordian knot by crushing Serbia and acted accordingly; Germany because she gave Austria a blank check and attempted too late to put on the brakes; France because she encouraged Russia instead of trying to restrain her; England for having failed to throw her weight into the balance one way or the other at the start. But "it was the hasty Russian general mobilization . . . while Germany was still trying to bring Austria to accept mediation proposals, which finally rendered the European war inevitable." This is the crucial point and enough has been said. Coming from so conservative and moderate an historian as Fay it sounds the death-knell of the Allied thesis and spells the condemnation of Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles, which Fay describes as "historically unsound" and which he thinks ought to be revised. Those who have fought in the last years in the cause of historical truth may rest their case there, and those who have been on the fence can use this authoritative work as a stepping-stone into the revisionist camp. If any exception were to be taken to Fay's conclusions it would not be on the score of radicalism, but because of the fact that he is, if anything, too cautious and guarded.

While Fay's book has, for the time, put all other writings on war origins into the shade, students of the subject should not overlook Professor Harry Elmer Barnes's "In Quest of Truth and Justice." The author has long since taken his place among the leading writers on the question and has waged a courageous fight against staggering odds in this country. His latest book is divided into two parts, the longer one devoted to a reprinting of his numerous reviews and controversial articles and the replies made to them. He has reduced many of his opponents *ad absurdum* and the process is highly illuminating and instructive. As a record of a great debate and as evidence that the truth will out this part of the book should be of interest to those who have followed the subject or who desire a general picture of recent developments. But of greater intrinsic value is the earlier part in which the author surveys briefly the present status of the question, elucidating various disputed points by statements made to him by many of the leading statesmen of 1914. Of particular importance is the new light thrown on the Austrian attitude and policy. Barnes argues convincingly that the Austrian case was good and that the government had full information as to Russian-Serbian intrigues, though the facts could not be made known in 1914. The Austrians, he shows, did not draw up the ultimatum in the hope that it would be rejected, neither were they pushed into war by German encouragement. On the contrary, they relied upon English neutrality and did all that was possible to prevent a general conflagration. But a punitive campaign against Serbia they regarded as a life-and-death matter, and in this they were justified. As Professor Fay says: "No state can be expected to sit with folded arms and await dismemberment at the hands of its neighbors." The whole matter is one of prime importance and Barnes deserves high commendation for the perseverance with which he has run down this and other points. But the nicety of argument cannot be appreciated without reading the book itself.

WILLIAM L. LANGER

A Modern Poet

A Son of Earth. Collected Poems by William Ellery Leonard. The Viking Press. \$3.

DEFINITELY coming to the fore among contemporary poets upon the first publication of "Two Lives" in 1922, Mr. Leonard needs no apology for this volume of his collected verse. Unfortunately, he seems too lenient a judge of his work and among a good deal of poetry of high merit he has admitted some facile versifying. Two qualities characterize his best poetry: lyric piety, which becomes articulate without sentimentality as an awareness of nature's moods, and intellectual consciousness, manifesting itself in awareness of man in his social environment. But because experimentation in form and diction seems the most important function of the artist today, Mr. Leonard's mixture of homely with learned phrase and his frequent use of the "thou" when there seems to be no need of it often come annoyingly forward as evidence of his failure to break the language successfully to his own personal needs. Yet a criticism which confined itself to the formal qualities of his poetry would be pedantic and superficial, since its import easily transcends its formal shortcomings. For his verse is the objective autobiography of a full-blooded, impetuous personality, capable of passionate immediate reactions, and of a wide range of preoccupations, scholarly, social, political, philosophic, lyrical, religious, and playful. It is the record of an earthly man who has lived intensely for the spirit, who has written himself out as few men of his day have, and who has thus expressed his day in a more significant way than those who claim to be modern merely because they have not used a phrase or word found in the language before 1914.

ELISEO VIVAS



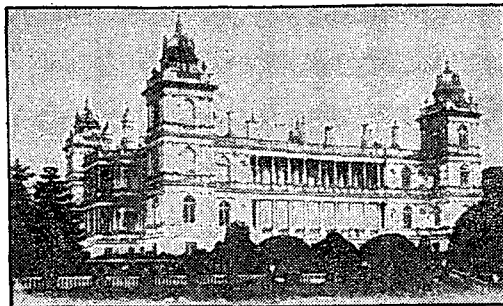
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Ulysses S. Grant

Meet General Grant. By W. E. Woodward. Horace Liveright. \$5.

ANY one taking up Mr. Woodward's biography of Grant with the expectation of finding something iconoclastic will be disappointed. It presents, in large measure, the generally accepted interpretation of the man whose sole success was in the military field, and whose career before and after was one of drab failure. While the book is in no sense laudatory the author is prone to plead his subject's cause and to gloss over many incidents sadly in need of glossing. Thus the greater part of the book is devoted to the period preceding the Presidency, and it would have been just as well perhaps had it closed with Grant's unfortunate elevation to that position. Out of it all emerges a rather uninteresting personality, with little imagination, no culture, an utter incapacity to judge men, an incredible inability to differentiate between right and wrong in civic life, and more than a little of genius in military matters. This is, no doubt, an accurate portrait.

Nowhere have we read anything more realistic and fascinating than the earlier pages dealing with Grant's life before the war gave him the one opportunity to which he rose. The casual reader of history knows that he was a failure as a breadwinner and had been reduced to penury through his habits and his ignorance of business methods, but few have realized how pathetically tragic was his life. The marvelous transformation of Lincoln in his later days seems less miraculous than the redemption of Grant, who had, apparently, lost his hold on the realities of life. Mr. Woodward has not dwelt exultantly upon this phase, but he has not introduced sunshine where all was shadow. It is made as relentlessly real as Sudermann's "Dame Care." Thus he has painted an uninspiring portrait sympathetically, almost pityingly. The effect is to create a profound sympathy for the man who seemed destined to failure and was so hopelessly out of step with the procession, and this is accentuated by the background, created with a master's hand. The Grant of these days seems very common and a little cheap.

In the pages dealing with the military phase of Grant's career another man appears, but one no less uninspiring and colorless, albeit he gives forth sparks and flashes with an occasional illumination. The result is admiration for the military genius, tempered at times by Grant's strange lapses. It is Mr. Woodward's idea that Grant's Vicksburg campaign was unsurpassed in the science of warfare. And yet that conduct at Shiloh! No attempt is made to cover it or explain it away.

One gathers that by the time he had reached the period of Grant's political career, Mr. Woodward had been so completely won over to sympathy for his subject that he did not have the heart to give us an uncompromising recital of just what occurred. It is covered sketchily and, we suspect, not quite frankly. The author is not happy in his estimates of men with whom Grant came into contact or collision. Thus he has accepted the Thad Stevens-Ben Butler characterization of Andrew Johnson which has long since been exploded by the records. Perhaps the less said about the quarrel of Grant with Johnson, the better for the former. Even Thad Stevens grunted that while both might be liars "the preponderance of evidence seems to be on the side of Andy." And so it was. The partisan description of the swing around the circle is taken unquestioningly, and Mr. Woodward describes the mob scene at Indianapolis wrongly, perhaps confusing the Indianapolis with the Cleveland or St. Louis mobs. At Indianapolis Johnson uttered but four sentences, and then turned and walked into the hotel. Again Mr. Woodward says that General Thomas, named by Johnson to take over the war office from Stanton after Grant broke his word, "attempted to take possession of the office by force." He did nothing of the sort, nor would Johnson have

tolerated any such attempt. These misjudgments, however, are but fly-specks. They by no means mar the fidelity of the portrait of Grant, who stands out vividly with all his virtues and vices. Even the too tender treatment of the corruption of the Grant Administration, then without precedent, may be accepted as a concession to compassion or as a tribute to Grant's services in war.

We cannot conceive of Woodward writing an uninteresting book, and this one is really fascinating, beautifully phrased, and will prove one of the most popular biographies of the season.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

A Passing Fashion

The Buck in the Snow. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper and Brothers. \$2.

IT seems to be fashionable to find Edna Millay's new volume a trifle disappointing. Some divine note of gay perfection in the earlier poems is supposed to have disappeared or become intermittent. I dissent from this opinion, and I have been reading again with delight the earlier volumes. That divine note of gay perfection, or that quick elastic throb and swerve of the wings of her song—however you may describe the thing that became identified as the essence of Edna Millay's genius—is intermittent in the earlier volumes. Moreover, it is to be found here, in the poem called *Moriturus*, as lightly strong and blithely in earnest as ever.

The trouble is that Edna Millay remained silent long enough to become a myth in a pigeonhole. Her real speech resumed lets us down a little by the very fact of being real. We expected her to speak, if she spoke again, with the tongues of angels, or dryads, or something of that supernal and fixed order, but she speaks with her own tongue. Indeed, I think she speaks rather more with her own tongue now than before. It is warmer poetry. There is more passion and less wit in these larger and freer rhythms. There are more thoughts, and perhaps not quite so many bright ideas.

I suppose it is a question what one originally perceived as the essence of Edna Millay's genius. For those to whom it was her very great lyrical cleverness—that delicate skill as a grammatical engineer, which people who do not write poetry always admire so much and take for the very fluid of inspiration—for them, no doubt, the new warmth and thoughtfulness will be permanently disappointing. Disappointing to them also the traveling to Boston to join a disreputable mob and get arrested in the streets for protesting against the murder of Sacco and Vanzetti. To me it means that Edna Millay has grown, and grown in the direction of my admiration.

Wine from these grapes I shall be treading surely
Morning and noon and night until I die.
Stained with these grapes I shall lie down to die. . . .

Three women come to wash me clean
Shall not erase this stain.
Not leave me lying purely,
Awaiting the black lover.
Death, fumbling to uncover
My body in his bed,
Shall know
There has been one
Before him.

That is certainly not in the fashion of American literature at the present moment. It will outlive the fashion. To me the title poem of this volume is the most movingly beautiful of all Edna Millay's poems. The *Bobolink* is by far her best song in free verse. Some of the sonnets are less strong than the old ones, but the Beethoven sonnet and the one *To Jesus on His Birthday* are not a bit less strong.

In short, I have no serious count against this book but its

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slenderness. "This is the first book of poems by Edna St. Vincent Millay in five years!" exclaim the publishers. Why, then, so slender a volume? Is life perhaps a little too peacefully beautiful up there on the snowy bloomy farm at Austerlitz—a little too far away? It is hard to write poetry when you're not in trouble. I remember when Edna Millay was in trouble all the time and singing like the lark in her poem:

She would not end her singing, she would not have done.

I wrote a sonnet to her then. The octave has got lost or broken, but here are the last six lines, still saying what I want to say after reading "The Buck in the Snow":

Above the clash of battle, and the rage
Which is existence in this place and age,
Above all wounds and weapons it could send,
You have held high and beautifully strong,
And flowing rose-and-silver in the wind,
The bold clear slender pennant of your song.

MAX EASTMAN

Yiddish into English

Lamentations. Four Folk-Plays of the American Jew. By Alter Brody. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

IN the heyday of Maeterlinck and Synge one had only to offer a reasonably protracted piece of maudlin pessimism to be hailed as a writer of folk-plays. The neo-romantic tradition, as we academically called the epidemic spread by these gentlemen and their followers, was a form of hysteria in which Irish, Flemish, and, less frequently, Gallic and English spirits appeared as misty ectoplasm struggling soulfully against this too material world. One needed the will-to-believe in its most fanatic form in order to recognize their nationality.

Mr. Brody falls too readily into this tradition and if this criticism does not altogether apply to his work it is only because he is saved from much of the mushy sentimentality and the murky vagueness of the folk-play school by a healthy sense of reality. His women chop their meat and onions into palatable hash and they interrupt their mystic rhapsodies with memories of "scraping some beets to pickle for Passover." More important, they attribute their problems to human agencies and they are characteristically direct in laying the blame on the villain's head.

Here Mr. Brody achieves something new and distinctive. In rendering the language of his complaining Jews he discards entirely the idiotic inversions and infelicities of phrase by which previous translators and interpreters of Yiddish tried to communicate the original. There is no mistaking the racial quality of his speech, yet it has neither the caricature which vaudeville comedians nor the milt-grossness which other Anglo-Jewish writers have presented as the equivalent of an eloquent and dignified idiom. But this is his sole vital achievement, an achievement of considerable magnitude, to be sure, and one that will undoubtedly influence all future work in the Yiddish field.

There is little else impressive or outstanding in these one-act plays, although they suffer more from generic weakness than from individual faults. Like other folk-plays they are less dramatic pieces than poetic monologues; and, again, they consciously represent life as a complaint against the inevitable rather than as a struggle against the impedient. A mother sorrowing for her East Side Ophelia, a neurotic child dreading her surroundings, a wife indicting the father of her children for the sadism which tortured and wrecked their lives, and, most powerful of all, a woman lamenting her sterility—these are the themes, hardly normal and certainly not exclusively Jewish, which the author develops in sonorous rhythms. Given a full-bodied, well-balanced subject, Mr. Brody should create something tremendous with this rich prose he has mastered.

JOHAN SMERTENKO

Amateur Play Production

The Art of Play Production. By John Dolman, Jr. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

IF it is true that the future vitality of the American theater is being generated in the increasing number of community players, little theaters, art theaters, and university playhouses, then Professor Dolman's book should be made required reading in most of them. There may be better manuals, but I have not run across one. Written for the amateur, "for the beginner but not for the dabbler," this outline really clears the ground for intelligent amateur effort because of its continuous and well-directed attack on the original sin of the amateur theater. This might be described (in words that the author uses in another connection) as the method "of those careless and lazy people who cannot bring themselves to the labor of thinking things out in advance, and of those supreme egoists who think their unguided aspiration more truthful than accumulated experience." Fortunately, experience to Professor Dolman means, not the inviolate traditions of all the ages that are usually invoked, but the experience of the most important professional theaters of this country and Europe during the last twenty years. He has analyzed their experiments with remarkable liberality and common sense and edited them for the benefit of the amateur.

What makes his analysis valuable, even though one might dispute any number of its particular conclusions, is that Professor Dolman never for a moment loses sight of the fact that the amateur's problem and the professional's are essentially alike. For a Mérimée or anyone else, out of a French government office for a spare afternoon, the going was essentially the same as for Zola who did his regular stint of so many thousand words a day. Gauguin the stock-broker or Rousseau the customs inspector, starting to paint one Sunday morning a week, were faced with the same problem of pictorial organization as any "professional" painter covering canvases every day under his studio skylight.

The word amateur has come to denote the slipshod and the half-baked because we have so foolishly assumed that half-time or part-time effort in any art must imply intellectual laziness, and then condoned it. As a matter of fact the amateur, even in the theater, because he inherits less professional routine and stereotyped tradition, is often better able to become an effective professional than most of his so-called professional brethren, provided he hammers away at his ideas consistently enough. The Moscow Art Theater was founded at a meeting between two amateurs and the Theater Guild resulted from a conference between half a dozen.

Art in the theater, like art everywhere else, is a matter of the deliberate organization of aesthetic material. No amount of veneration for the theater gets any further than the limbo of excellent intentions until research and experiment are begun with the ways and means whereby all the elements of a theatrical production—words, voices, gestures, movement, settings, color, light—can be organized into effective expression of dramatic ideas so that a play can get over the footlights and arouse an audience.

Professor Dolman (who teaches English at the University of Pennsylvania) makes a bad professorial start by wading into the muddled stream of aesthetic theory in pursuit of some definition of beauty from which all necessary procedure can be deduced. Fortunately this is nothing more than preliminary bravado. After the first few pages he becomes a thoroughgoing pragmatist, clammers back to solid ground and blazes his trail like any experienced backwoodsman. His trail leads through the entire thicket of production, from interpreting the first stage-direction of a script, choosing the cast and planning the action, to the placing of the last spotlight. The section which re-

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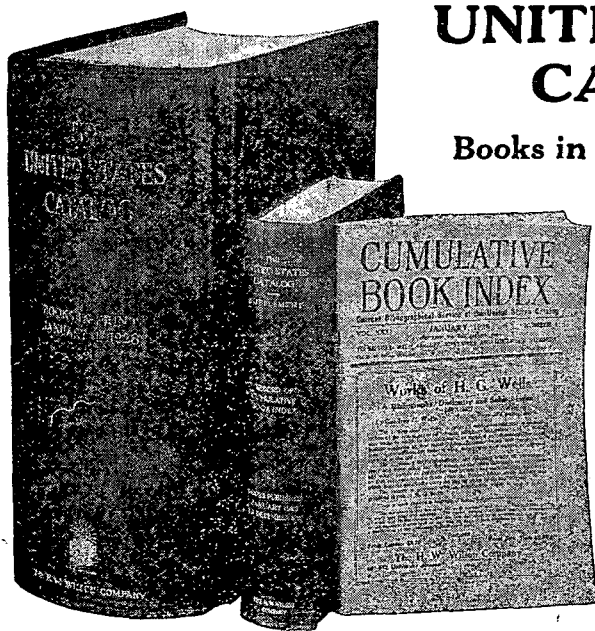
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lates the design of stage settings to the design of a production as a whole is excellent—despite a blind spot as to some of the values of constructivism. There is a valuable chapter with a color plate on the effect of colored light on pigments of which most professional directors are still ignorant. Unfortunately the nerve center of a playhouse—the lighting switchboard—which presents problems of installation and maintenance that determine the effectiveness of almost any production, is slurred over, including the first-rate equipment designed by Monroe Pevear of Boston specifically for small theaters.

Nevertheless the book contains so much sound elucidation for the amateur director, actor, and designer (including a well-annotated bibliography of special publications on all phases of theater art) that every group of amateurs able to profit by it could set up shop immediately. Through it all there is no dictatorial schoolmastering but instead what James defined as the pragmatist's virtue: a lively sense of alternatives, and an equally lively sense as well that the problems of production remain the same everywhere in the theater, whether you have to reckon with the limitations of the local parson's daughter as the heroine or a supposedly leading lady's, the lack of equipment in a high-school auditorium or the lack of stage-depth in the average Broadway theater.

But I hope that amateur organizations will grasp Professor Dolman's central idea while studying his series of plans and diagrams and analyses. When these are all superseded and every college and community theater is as completely equipped as Baker's at Yale, we shall all be attempting fresh solutions to the problems this book so clearly dissects, and continue to work for the coherent craftsmanship which can make play-producing a living art.

LEE SIMONSON

The Mexican Commonwealth

Mexico and Its Heritage. By Ernest Gruening. The Century Company. \$6.

THIS volume automatically becomes the classic work on Mexico of our time. It holds a more important place in the serious and inspired examination of the Mexican world than does Bryce's "American Commonwealth" in relation to the United States. In the whole range of literature on Mexico, only Alexander von Humboldt's "Political Essay on New Spain" can claim a similar position with respect to its time—the latter days of the Colonial period. Dr. Gruening's book surpasses both in its massing of facts, its scientific approach, its scope and greater emphasis upon racial and economic factors. It is a book for the student and the statesman, a mine of hitherto unrepresented information, an encyclopedia of the contemporary Mexican scene, enriched by copious quotation and anecdote, painted upon the broad canvas of historical origins, and causes, written in an animated, modern, and occasionally brilliant style. Though it deals so extensively with the events of our day, with the revolutionary period since 1910, every statement is painstakingly documented; causes and antecedents are exhaustively traced, current prejudices—both of our own State Department and of Mexican officialdom—are avoided. The proportion of ephemeral material is exceedingly small. One wonders why such far-sighted scholars as Dr. Gruening have not been called upon by our Government to assist in the satisfactory solution of some of our thorny Latin-American problems.

Undoubtedly the most brilliant sections deal with the Indian heritage, the church, and politics (and jurisprudence). Gruening's most important chapters are those on the post-revolutionary efforts in education and public health. Heretofore, no adequate account of Mexico's "health dictatorship" has been presented anywhere. Gruening's medical training permits him to approach the theme scientifically and enthusiastically.

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Above all, the portions on the church stand out as a masterpiece of research and presentation. The nobility and self-sacrifice of the early church fathers, the cumulative corruption of the established orders, the growing acquisitiveness of the clergy, the conflicts between the viceroys and the ecclesiastical authorities, the opposition of the church to independence and the Inquisition's attempt to thwart it, the ultimate seizure of the independence movement by the church for its own ends, the precipitation of the state-versus-Vatican conflicts involved in the overthrow of Emperor Iturbide, the splendor of the church in contrast to mass poverty, the great reform of Juarez, the church's abetting of intervention, the conflict between the church and its puppet Maximilian, the church and the revolution—these topics unfold concisely, brilliantly, colorfully, with a mass of supporting documentary material which only the most thoroughgoing devotion could have unearthed. To regret that Gruening did not give more space to the unceasing preliminary efforts of Gómez Farias in the struggle to separate church and state, is not criticism of this astonishingly adequate presentation of the religious problem. Even better is Gruening's analysis of the Mexican religion: his survey of the Indian elements conserved in the actual so-called Catholic faith, his account of the Indianization of the Catholic saints, the persistence of pagan rites, the survival of idolatry and superstition, the continued animus of the Indian gods of the Sun, the Chase, the Harvest, the abiding popular faith in miracles and bloody penitence. No better description anywhere of the deep-rooted duality of Mexican culture, as potent a factor in the church as in all other institutional activities. And where will be found as fearless and substantiated an account of the libertinism and corruption of present-day clergy? Here lies the key to the reason—which has so long puzzled many Americans—why the Mexican Government could so successfully maintain its position in a nation presumably 95 per cent Catholic.

The study of the church is paralleled in incisiveness and strength, though not in style, by Gruening's study of local and state politics. He makes an intimate survey of the politics of fourteen out of the twenty-eight states for a period of six years (1921-1927), a record taken almost entirely from the archives of the Secretariat of Interior and checked up by personal observation. The result is a terrific indictment of Mexican state political practices: a sordid picture of corruption, imposition, brutal injustice, military arrogance. In few states, indeed, is there any semblance of the working out in the so-called elections of any principles other than lust for gold and power. It is a somber picture which reveals that the Mexican revolution may ultimately be doomed and that no stable and enlightened regime can ever be established in Mexico until popular organization becomes sufficiently conscious and effective to limit the rapacious activities of the militarists and rulers.

Gruening traces the rise of some of these popular organizations, for instance the Mexican Regional Confederation of Labor (CROM). But if this is an encouraging picture, here, too, appear the age-old blots—greed, corruption, graft on the part of the leaders, the manipulation of strikes for personal advantage, the use of the organization for political purposes and job-holding, the crushing of independent organizations. It is to be regretted that he did not trace more closely the growth of the non-militarist peasant movement.

Less adequate, but nevertheless full of original material, is Gruening's consideration of the role of American capital in Mexico and his account of international relations. This section contains a damning analysis of Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson, his machinations in conjunction with the Diaz Cientificos, and his efforts to undermine the Madero regime. Earlier international relations, however, should be supplemented by Rippey's "The United States and Mexico." Gruening's chapter on the Cultural Products of the Revolution is, because of lack of space, rather slight, and his Conclusion with its journalistic analysis of the Calles Cabinet might have been omitted.

But these matters occupy only a few scant pages. During

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As a net result, we are all cluttered up with progress. When we gaze with awe and admiration at a machine in the sky, another one rushes up from behind and knocks us unconscious. About two million persons were injured by automobiles last year. The bulk of the horse-power generated in a modern city goes to pumping people back and forth from "places where they would rather not live to places where they would rather not work." A reasonable guess would give a hot-dog stand for every man, woman, and child in the country, but just try and find a cozy, quiet, comfortable inn.

Mr. MacKaye is worried by the mess. As a good engineer he wants to do something about it; clean it up, untangle it, by-pass it, plan it. The new exploration is the attempt to find a way out of the labyrinth which the industrial revolution, with the most remarkable ingenuity, mind you, has been building ever since James Watt took a walk out to the golf house on a Sunday afternoon and suddenly hit upon the answer to the problem of a vacuum in the cylinder of a steam engine. Our author, bless him, presents us with no cooperative-credit colonies, new currency systems, old-age-pension levies, taxation schedules, land banks, or variations on the McNary-Haugen bill. Instead he shows how to plan cities so they will not develop elephantiasis; and countrysides, the filling-station rash.

There is a stiff peppering of philosophy with the diagrams. Mr. MacKaye is not only prepared to tell us how to keep out of subways, but why our souls demand a minimum of subways and a maximum of mountain tops. He has a chapter on the art of living, which, from a technical man, is as good as it is astonishing. Also he is a past master of definitions. I tried to find a page without a good thumping definition on it, but failed. I do not think there are any. The definitions are admirable, but what did God give us imaginations for? Morons will give Mr. MacKaye's book a wide berth, and thinking folk do not need quite so much blackboard and bell. A reviewer, not to be charged with venality, ought to have something to kick about, and this is all I can discover.

"The New Exploration" is the fresh, clearly blazed trail of the pioneer, running from Magalopolis to the mountains of the moon. It is replete with new conceptions, new images, new ways of looking at the problems which Watt bequeathed to us. Particularly illuminating is the parallel between the flow of rivers, the flow of goods, and the flow of people. It is not the cry of the back-to-nature prophet. Modern technology is accepted; the machine is regarded as something to be tamed, rather than banished. It is the first large-scale attempt that I have seen to plan an environment where genuine culture and recreation may flourish.

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A Man of His Time

Zola and His Time. By Matthew Josephson. The Macaulay Company. \$5.

THE greatest single merit, perhaps, of this thoroughly admirable biography is its impetuous galvanizing of a personality and an aesthetic which are at complete odds with our own time. The reason for the contemporary neglect of Zola lies very deep. It is not merely that it is difficult to know how to choose from amid the jungle of his productions; not merely that an inevitable reaction has taken place against his method; it is rather that his greatness shames and saddens us. His heroism and his failure were both of a glowing magnificence which makes the products of our own novelists look sickly and greenish. In short, we neglect him not because he was a bad writer (although that is the excuse we offer) but because his life and work make us uneasy.

What did Emile Zola believe? He believed that he could apply to the novel the methods of nineteenth-century experimental science. He believed that every great novelist must base his labor on a coherent philosophy, his to be discovered in Taine, Darwin, and Claude Bernard. He believed in the value of an exact observation of the details of life and in his ability to use this observation to represent final truth. In his later years he abandoned his theory of objectivity and, affirming that the truth could make us free, tried to make his art conduce to social betterment. He believed in democracy, in progress, in the beneficent functions of science, in socialism. He believed in everything at which the typical modern novelist smiles. And if there is anything Mr. Josephson's book makes clear, it is that the faith of Emile Zola, naive and "mistaken" as it was, had in it a grandeur and a power we shall never, in our smiling resignation, attain to.

Out of the innocent sociology and superstitious rationalism of the nineteenth century Zola drew mighty sustenance, an enormous energy which was to produce not merely the twelve hundred characters in the Rougon-Macquart series, but the glorious liberation from his rocky prison on Devil's Island of Alfred Dreyfus. Emile Zola fed on what we now term unrealities, but what works he produced, and how organic and logical a life those unrealities enabled him to live! Today, being much too wise, we are not taken in by them, and our novels are bloodless, our energy trickles thinly, and our lives are broken, tentative, and literary. That is why, if we laugh at the fussy, humorless, bespectacled little fat bourgeois who was Emile Zola, we do so with a rueful bitterness. It is not Zola who symbolizes the failure of the nineteenth century; it is we who are that very failure.

What Mr. Josephson does, then, is to bring back to overflowing life a personality seemingly antithetic to our own times. He does this by virtue of a vitality, an enthusiasm, and a humane scholarship that are almost beyond praise. His book is a glorious relief, being entirely free from the brittle debunking note of modern biography, its complacent "detachment," its pseudo-artistic fictional rearrangement. Mr. Josephson writes with a large, engaging sweep. He is not interested in a neat theory but in following the broad current of a tempestuous life. He has plenty of time for side-excursions, for graphic portraits of Zola's friends and enemies, Manet, Cézanne, Flaubert, Renoir, the Goncourts, Gambetta, Clemenceau, George Moore. When the time comes to discuss the Dreyfus affair he gives us no neat and frigid telescoped account, no picayune ironies, but an energetic narrative that requires three breathless chapters. Mr. Josephson's literary criticism is no less vital and humane. He has no patience with the academic modernist who would pigeonhole Zola as a naturalist, but makes us perceive how fundamental was the romantic and poetic strain in the author of "Germinal." He destroys, too, that other myth, the allegation that Zola wrote badly.

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And yet, despite his sympathy with his subject, he is none the less careful to suggest constantly Zola's great limitation. This limitation was not merely aesthetic or intellectual in the narrower sense; it was the very thing that made him a really great force, just as it prevented him from being a really great man. Cézanne was misunderstood and forgotten while his boyhood friend conquered two continents and moved a nation to frenzy; but Cézanne was a man who lived in many centuries at once and so could understand the basic weakness in one who seemed destined for immortality. When others spoke ill of him, he remarked, very quietly: "Zola was not a bad man; he simply lived entirely under the influence of his time." "He lived entirely under the influence of his time"—the phrase is an exquisite distillation of the magnificence and the failure of the life and works of Emile Zola.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

War Itself

Squad. By James B. Wharton. Coward-McCann. \$2.

SURELY you remember that saddest of nursery rhymes which tells how ten little niggers, one after the other, were overtaken by a terrible fate. Ten little niggers . . . and then there were nine. Nine little niggers . . . and then there were eight. And so on until at last there is but one little nigger and presently he has gone "and then there were none."

It is upon this simple yet effective design that Mr. Wharton has built his epic of a squad. There are eight men in a squad. There are eight parts to this novel, and at the end of each part there is one man less. On the last page the war is over and only Gray from Center High School, Columbus, Ohio, is left of the original squad. He is cleaning up odds and ends of abandoned German equipment—potato mashers, helmets, old clothes. His foot comes down on something hard, he "sees fire, is aware of a roar, of intense heat . . . feels lifted into the air . . . flying through space . . . distended like a frog over a pool . . ." and then of the squad "there is none."

Without plot, without a central hero, without a romantic—or even unromantic—"goal" for which the characters strive, the story is still far from shapeless. It has a fine sense of design and proportion which gives it the weight of unescapable tragedy, inevitable doom, such as one associates more with the great dramatists of the past than with a realistic novel of the war. Part of the emotional power the book undoubtedly has is due to the fact that the reader guesses almost from the beginning that not one of these eight men will escape destruction, yet they themselves are utterly unconscious of their fate. They talk and talk. They complain of their food, their packs, and their feet. They make jokes without end. They swear prodigiously and continually. They eat, drink, march, and sleep. And, yes, they fight; for this is the story of the front line. Not once do they seem conscious that man after man they are to follow each other to cruel and heart-breaking ends. It is this innocence that makes them so piteous and memorable.

However, one might read this book through quite as unaware as the men of the squad that the villain is fate and that the hero is, in a sense, all privates of all armies in all time. One might see in it only a glorious protracted conversation (for all that is not conversation is subordinated to little more than stage directions) and still get a tremendous thrill from it. To thousands of men the accent of that trivial, tragic, endless talk will bring back the very sights and smells of the war.

Among all the novels which the war has brought forth it is hard to think of any more poignantly realistic. Here, one feels, is no mere story; here is war itself. It is thus and thus that men, usually very simple men, lived and, if they had bad luck, died. Both as a record and as a literary work "Squad" is important. As reporter and as artist Mr. Wharton has with one book gained a distinguished position.

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Books in Brief

Sails and Swords. Being the Golden Adventures of Balboa and His Intrepid Company, Freebooters All, Discoverers of the Pacific. By Arthur Strawn. Brentano's. \$3.50.

Even the greatest adventure rarely ends in a great climax. There is no clearly discernible supreme moment or, worse still, it has been sapped of its savor by the delay and disillusion that have gone before. A shining exception is the discovery of the Pacific, for certainly it was a great moment of history when Vasco Núñez de Balboa, having fought his way through the jungle, left his companions behind and, like Moses ascending Sinai, climbed alone that peak in Darien and looked out over el Mar del Sur. Balboa had come to Darien from Santo Domingo as a stowaway, had risen to leadership by his personality, and finally had been led to press westward through the land that he believed to be India by native tales of a great sea beyond—and much gold. Stephen Graham, who followed the trail of Balboa 400 years later, wrote in his "In Quest of El Dorado": "Wings came out from my heels and I stood on tiptoe and stared." Imagine, then, the sensations of the first white man to behold that scene! Arthur Strawn has told the story dramatically, picturesquely, yet with dignity and apparently only after a careful study of all historical sources. And what a story it is!

Raiders of the Deep. By Lowell Thomas. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

Mr. Thomas has collected in this volume many stories of the U-boat warfare of the Germans gleaned from the lips of surviving officers. It contains, therefore, first-class historical material, especially as he has checked the German narratives wherever possible by information from Allied sources, chiefly British. Thus we have the inside story of Weddigen's sinking of the Hogue, Aboukir, and Cressy, and of Schwieger's destruction of the Lusitania. As to the latter, Mr. Thomas shows that Schwieger was not instructed to sink the Lusitania, that his meeting with that vessel was purely accidental, and that he fired only one torpedo. The second explosion was undoubtedly an internal one. In every narrative the kind treatment accorded to prisoners by the Germans is stressed by Mr. Thomas; there is no trace of any outrages, except the terrible and fundamental one of sinking passenger ships without warning—which every nation will do in the next war. Mr. Thomas has rendered a genuine service by collecting these narratives—especially that of the cruise of one of the six boats assigned to attack the American coast—while the witnesses were still available.

The Discoverer: Christopher Columbus. By André de Hevesy. Translated from the French by Robert M. Coates. The Macaulay Company. \$3.

M. de Hevesy ought really to be severely disciplined—he has audaciously defied the chief canons of contemporary debunking, smart-Aleck biography. Doesn't he realize that there are no heroes nowadays, that there never were any, and that his principal job, therefore, is to reduce epic figures to their proper pygmy size? Doesn't he know that he ought to have at least one wisecrack on every page? Doesn't he understand that biography should rightly devote a large proportion of its contents to scandal? In short, how dare he write a sober, unbiased, non-fictional account of a preposterous rogue and cheat whom he even admires a little?

Benjamin Franklin of Paris. By Willis Steell. Minton, Balch and Company. \$3.50.

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scandal; Franklin's genial humanity rightly seems far more important to Mr. Steell than his sexual peccadilloes.

The Not-Quite Puritans. By Henry W. Lawrence. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.

A diverting account of the "lighter and less pious sides" of our ancestors. Dr. Lawrence has compiled a vast array of Puritanic peccadilloes which he chronicles with a perhaps too obvious relish, but he amply proves his point: all our contemporary excesses (our bootleggers, petting parties, extravagance in dress, and so on) were distressingly prevalent in the good old days. If someone would do a good deed, let him send this book as a Christmas present to John Roach Straton.

Forgotten Ladies. By Richardson Wright. J. B. Lippincott and Company. \$5.

Fascinating material about American women from the days of the Indian frontier to the Civil War, women who, indeed, do not deserve to be forgotten. But although Mr. Wright deserves much credit for unearthing them, he has been so literary, so involved, so relentlessly witty in dealing with them that they are in danger of sinking back to an ill-merited oblivion.

The Lost Sail. A Cape Cod Diary. By Alfred Kreymborg. Coward, McCann. \$2.

As he confesses in his Praeludium, Mr. Kreymborg has broken faith with himself and written another sonnet—in fact, a whole diary of sonnets. The book is casual, intimate, personal. One feels that Mr. Kreymborg was right in suspecting that the sonnet form is unsuited to such material. An accomplished vers librist, he finds writing sonnets very easy and relaxing; too easy. Remembering Kreymborg's considerable resources of irony and wit, one is inclined to urge that he stop being "mellow" and practice again the mental and verbal acrobatics which best exhibit his talent.

Yet Do Not Grieve. By Conal O'Riordan. Scribner's. \$2.50.

This is a slow-moving story which suggests at times that the author is dragging the weight of his historical accuracy. But the accuracy is there in the spirit as well as in the substance. The whole may give the effect of a "command" artistic performance, such as is commonly seen in European guild-halls, but the delicacy of Conal O'Riordan's character sense and the vigor of his descriptive faculty insure more than a passing glance from the discriminating. The setting is the era of Napoleon. We see Irish Catholic peers guarding the privacy of their domestic refinement under the penal laws with an affectation of a peasant exterior. We see their son fighting for an English king who must refuse him entree to his court because of his religion. We see their grandson, educated in England partly because of poverty and partly because of a clash of principles, leading his men against the French at Waterloo. O'Riordan's battlefield makes a memorable picture. David Tyrconnel Quinn is the leading character, half English, half Irish, half Catholic, half Quaker. He is one of a notable gallery of portraits, of which his father is another.

The Search Relentless. By Constance Lindsay Skinner. Coward, McCann. \$2.

The theme of this romantic yarn started to be the relentless search of the individual for the one perfect mate. It met and merged with the search of a member of the Canadian constabulary for the murderer of a white prospector found dead in a little cabin on the edge of an Indian settlement in the Northwest. Adventures of the body—gun fights in the snow-covered wilderness, intrigues in gambling dens—were added to adventures of rather faintly indicated souls. The result is a typical Wild West thriller of the sort long familiar to us in the movies, its movement made a little slow at times by Mrs. Skinner's desire to make us see and hear the country she loves.

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Fiction Shorts

Ryder. By Djuna Barnes. Horace Liveright. \$3.

"Ryder" is a remarkable and ingenious *olla podrida*, harking back, in its style and its outspoken quality, to Sterne and Fielding, though these are only two of the writers parodied. The central figure is conceived too much in the stock Cabell manner to be very amusing, but the two wives are richly eighteenth century. The jacket states that the book is written in "the great picaresque tradition." This is true as far as its vigorous masculine coarseness is concerned; but it fails of the true picaresque quality in that the scenes and characters and dialogue are not tied down to one definite homely locality, as in "Don Quixote." They are abstracted so that in the end the impression given is of an allegory, which is in a sense the very antithesis of the picaresque novel. However, the particular name one gives to the form of "Ryder" is not half so important as the fact that it is a witty and original book, fat with rich phrasing and written with an almost too facile brilliance.

The Women at the Pump. By Knut Hamsun. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.

Here is a long, thoroughly formless and easy-going novel, compounded entirely of village gossip, the talk of the women at the pump in a tiny Norwegian port. The flow of the narrative is so quiet and the abstention from profound themes so obvious that one is likely to overlook certain beautiful qualities in this book. In the first place, it will reveal to those who know Hamsun only through "Growth of the Soil" and "Hunger" an aspect of his genius that is too little appreciated—his humor, which is as broad and pervasive as it is quiet. Allied to his humor is his wonderful gift of observing simple and even mean people from a point of view which is at once ironical and sympathetic. How he manages to convey this double feeling I, for one, cannot make out: it seems to be connected with his peculiar style. The prose is finely rendered by Arthur G. Chater.

The Assassin. By Liam O'Flaherty. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.50.

A hard, tight psychological melodrama that aims to analyze the idea of political assassination. The central figure, Michael McDara, with his fierce nihilism, his strange fanatic idealism, and his equally strange ability to concoct and carry through a difficult and complex murder, is amazingly well conceived. The subordinate characters, particularly the heroine, are less clearly drawn. The story suffers from an almost unavoidable difficulty: after the murder has been committed the reader's interest drops and the plot appears to peter out. A book depending as much as "The Assassin" does on the simple emotion of suspense should not situate its climax very far from the last page. "The Assassin" gives renewed proof of the almost savage abandonment by modern Irish writers of the twilight school of literature. The era of William Butler Yeats and Lady Gregory will never return.

Mist. By Miguel de Unamuno. Translated from the Spanish by Warner Fite. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

The first of Señor Unamuno's works of pure imagination to appear in English is more an ironic exercise in dialectic than a novel. The central character is designedly rendered vague and elusive so as to offer Señor Unamuno an opportunity for some ingenious reflections on the world of illusion and the world of reality. Here one's memory harks back to Pirandello. A slight work in itself, "Mist" is interesting for the insight it gives into the curious hard and biting quality of modern Spanish humor, which is never satiric and yet never good-natured in the English manner. C. P. F.

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Music

Strauss in Philadelphia and New York

RICHARD STRAUSS, the transcendent lyricist of the earlier tone poems and "Rosenkavalier," strives in "Ariadne auf Naxos" to unite a vein of fantastic opéra bouffe with the sweep and glow of his more youthful style. In "Ariadne" he is constantly interrupting his own inspiration to strut just a bit as becomes a clever showman, and thus Strauss the Charlatan takes precedence over Strauss the Poet.

This double role is no doubt caused in part by the exigencies of the text, for Hugo von Hofmannsthal has provided an enigmatically paradoxical libretto, full of involved situations and the most subtle and biting irony. First written as an adaptation of Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," the play was later recast in Viennese setting. The structure involves a play within a play, and this element proves both the strength and weakness of the production. Great deftness and lightness of touch are demanded by such treatment and the action, it must be admitted, crawls along pretty ponderously at times.

A wealthy Viennese parvenu, according to the Hofmannsthal version, has invited his friends to hear "Ariadne auf Naxos," the work of a young protégé-composer. In order to satisfy diverse tastes and preferences the evening's entertainment is likewise to include an act of clownish song and dance led by the soubrette, Zerbinetta. On the eve of the fête, as the stage is being set for the opera, sudden and dire consternation is spread abroad by the Major Domo's announcement that by special command of his master both troupes must give their performances simultaneously and at once. The efforts of soubrette and disgruntled composer to combine their opposing "shows" conclude the prologue.

The play itself now follows, largely based on certain well-known pages in Greek mythology which tell of the lamentations of Ariadne, deserted by Theseus on desolate Naxos, and there consoled and translated to realms of joy by the god Bacchus. This apparently slight fabric of plot is variegated by gyrations, vocal and otherwise, of Zerbinetta and her motley crew, and therefrom we are expected to deduce many symbolic shades and meanings. With a mating of such divergent elements, however, we are relentlessly flung from the idealism and grand manner of the classic style to the whimsicalities of the *Commedia dell'arte*, and small wonder it is that Strauss, with all his vainglorious sangfroid, occasionally has to turn showman to fit in the squares of the mosaic.

And what of the music itself? We find in "Ariadne auf Naxos" the same superlative craftsmanship, the same unerring orchestral intuition which have become hallmarks of Strauss's style. But the hinges creak a bit now and then, and there is conspicuously absent that supreme felicity of touch which makes of "Till Eulenspiegel" an epitome of delightful wit and satire. Indeed, in the passages of pure comedy such as Zerbinetta's coloratura skylarkings in Act II the vein of playfulness and diablerie is often far from spontaneous. On the other hand, in the setting of the classic outlines of the story, Strauss has achieved results of singular distinction. With a small orchestra of thirty-seven pieces, he has woven a score of constantly changing beauty and has given to his line of sustained melody a degree of plastic grace that sets "Ariadne" apart from all his other works. He leans a bit heavily on Wagner occasionally, and there are moments when the honeyed sophistication of his idiom becomes a bit thick-scented; but these are not serious defects for the reason that Strauss uses them to the advantage of his orchestral picture.

Of the production itself there can be little but praise. The

Philadelphia Civic Opera Company is to be highly commended for undertaking a work of so many inherent difficulties, both of ensemble and execution. With the exception of Zerbinetta, the parts were well cast and the whole performance overflowed with zest and enthusiasm. Perhaps our own Metropolitan might take a leaf out of the Philadelphia Opera Company's book and interest itself in the more frequent introduction of operas which are new to our public and make an intimate rather than a spectacular appeal.

In "Die Egyptische Helena," recently produced with regal splendor at the Metropolitan, we find not the apotheosis of the Straussian style, as was true of his progenitor, Wagner's, final efforts, but rather a general sinking into a state of quasi-decadence. He is still Strauss, the mighty virtuoso of the orchestra, the molder of tremendous tonal structures, but the music itself is heavy-souled and empty of high inspiration. Indeed, he borrows many musical gestures from his own earlier works and from other sources as well. All this may be due, of course, to advancing years. (It is now seventeen years since the first production of "Ariadne auf Naxos.")

Certain it is, however, that Hugo von Hofmannsthal has provided him with as ramshackle and un-Greek a libretto as may be imagined. The luminous Helen of legend has been allowed to become involved in a mass of tiresome and banal artificialities, with magic potions galore, superfluous lovers, and all the paraphernalia that composers since Wagner's time have happily thrown into the discard. Beyond failing absolutely to catch the magic and glamor that have lingered through the ages about the name of Helen, the libretto is lacking in consistency and coherence. It would have been wiser had von Hofmannsthal stuck to the main outlines of the Euripides version, which develops the idea of the two Helens, phantom and real, with such puissant artistry—but modernity must be attained even at the cost of trying to improve on Greek models.

Despite these glaring defects in his text, Strauss has succeeded in giving substance and dramatic import to his setting; indeed his perfect instinct for tonal portrayal of the heart and essence of a dramatic mood never seemed keener and more unflagging than in this opera. As examples of this rare power let us note the orchestral pause following the first entrance of Helen and Menelaus, the description of the wreck and storm, and not least of all the bitter-sweet notes of the celesta which accompany Hermione's entrance and reunion with her father and mother. In truth, Strauss has done all that he could to make good theater of this rather futile libretto without being able apparently to clothe his inspiration in robes of greatness.

LAWRENCE ADLER

Drama

Reinhardt's "Redemption"

THE more ambitious and ingenious producers sometimes suffer from an ailment (very common among actors) which manifests itself in a tendency to consider their own activities more important than those of the playwright and to treat his script as though it were only a pretext for the display of his virtuosity. Max Reinhardt, whom someone is always having "the distinguished honor of presenting," has received an amount of adulation sufficient to turn anyone's head and he has not always resisted the temptation to indulge a prima donna's gesture—to invite one of those appreciative Ah's by which audiences reveal the fact that their illusion has been broken sufficiently to make them feel the duty of recognizing some stunt calling violent attention to its own cleverness. Both his "Midsummer-Night's Dream" and his "Danton's Death" (seen here last year) were marred in this fashion, but for the

limited engagement of his company at the Ambassador this season either chance or wisdom has selected Tolstoi's "Redemption," which seems to me quite the finest of his productions that I have had the opportunity to see either in New York or elsewhere.

Here is a play which invites no riotous indulgence in spectacle, which, except for the one splash of color contributed by the gipsy singers in the second scene, is sober in atmosphere, but which is, on the other hand, marked by innumerable little touches of character contributed by the genius of the author who had a delicacy as great as his strength. In producing it, Reinhardt takes advantage of every legitimate occasion for visual effects. He loves, for instance, to place his characters in a spot of brilliant light in the midst of a stage whose confines are all but lost in the darkness; and he finds a perfectly justifiable occasion for the introduction of one of his favorite devices when the informer, whose presence has been hinted to the audience by the glow of his cigarette, steps out of the shadow into that pool of light which seems to represent both a corner in a grog-shop and the circle of Fedya's awareness. But he never obtrudes himself in any fashion calculated to distract the attention by the introduction of effects irrelevant to the play itself. He seems to have for it a respect which he did not demonstrate in, for instance, the case of "Midsummer-Night's Dream," and to feel that he has done enough if he has made as effective as possible all the values latent in Tolstoi's text.

Alexander Moissi, whose appearance is stressed in the announcements of this engagement, is an excellent romantic actor who depends not a little upon temperament and who has, if the truth must be told, a touch of the matinee idol in his make-up. He has, however, received the benefits of a thorough German training and he makes an excellent Fedya in part because of those very touches of a slightly morbid egotism which mar his performance in straight heroic roles, but which seem part of the character of the romantic weakling whom Tolstoi drew. Fedya is, of course, not a wicked man. His cry "I have not done anything *bad*" is in one sense true, since the desire which led him from the quiet loveliness of his wife to the music of the gipsies was the thirst for that wild beauty of which the gipsies themselves seemed to have caught some glimpse. But the Tolstoi who created him was the Tolstoi who was soon to turn ascetic, the Tolstoi who feared that beauty more than anything else because it seemed not bad but beautiful, and who, therefore, made Fedya a weakling too egotistical to perceive that evil may be done without willing it, and that the cult of self is, in the eyes of his creator, the source of all unhappiness. Moissi may or may not proceed from an intellectual understanding of this fact, but he has the temperament to comprehend the character he is portraying, and all the little gestures of romantic self-pity which he indulges belong to the role itself. Considered as pure acting, no scene of his is, to my mind, as good as that carried off with well-nigh perfect art by Johanna Terwin as Anna, the mother of Victor Karenin; but in the theater it is temperament that usually wins the large type on the program and one must consider oneself lucky to discover a "star" like Moissi who has at least permitted himself to learn something instead of running riot as temperamental actors are generally permitted to do in America.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

If one had the foresight to go home at the end of the second act of "Tonight at Twelve" (Hudson Theater), he would carry away the impression of an amusing and adroit comedy. But the pleasurable curiosity with which one returns to his seat for the third act oozes away in the face of Owen Davis's preposterous solution and final curtain of sheer farce. Still there are laughs a plenty throughout, and the cast is consistently good—especially Owen Davis, Jr., as an awkward but ingratiating young swain.

A. W.

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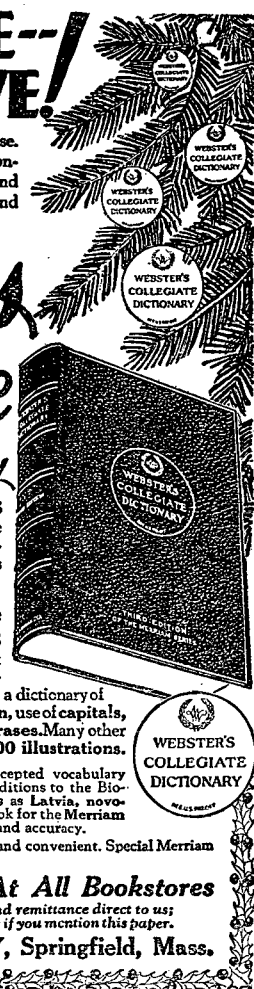
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